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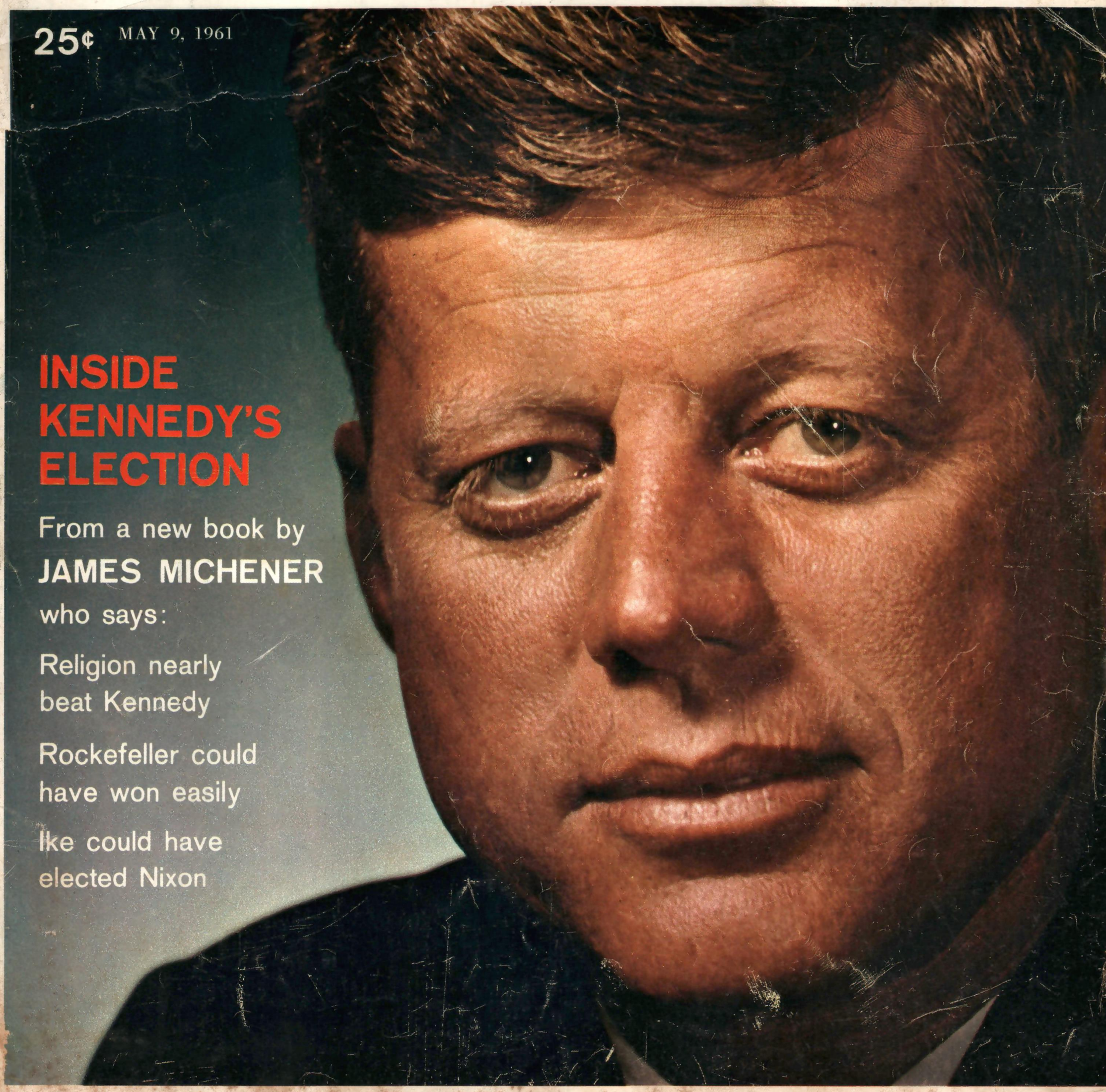

INSIDE KENNEDY'S ELECTION

From a new book by
JAMES MICHENER
who says:

Religion nearly beat Kennedy

Rockefeller could have won easily

Ike could have elected Nixon

A taste of Italy

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Put a pizzeria in your pantry. All the fixings for a man-sized pizza are complete in one box. Complete with grated cheese. Nothing else to buy. It's out of the box and into the oven in 15 minutes. Collect compliments for saucier sauce, flakier crust—peppier pizza all around. Just pennies a serving. No wonder Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Pizza outsells all other Pizza mixes by two to one!

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New Bell Telephone discoveries suggest light as a future carrier of vast numbers of telephone calls, TV shows, data messages!

Bell Telephone scientists recently transmitted the human voice for the first time on a beam of "coherent" infrared light.

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Here's why:

Light waves vibrate tens of millions of times faster than ordinary radio waves. Because of these high frequencies, light beams have exciting possibilities for handling enormous amounts of information.

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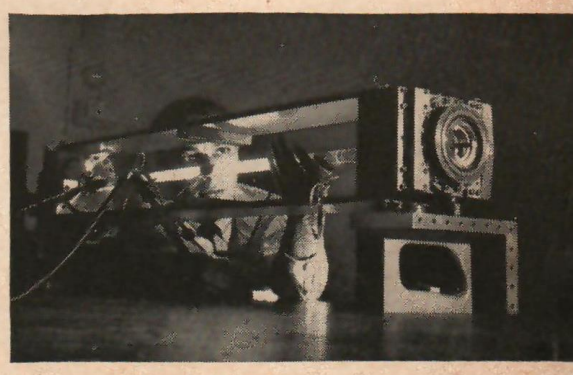
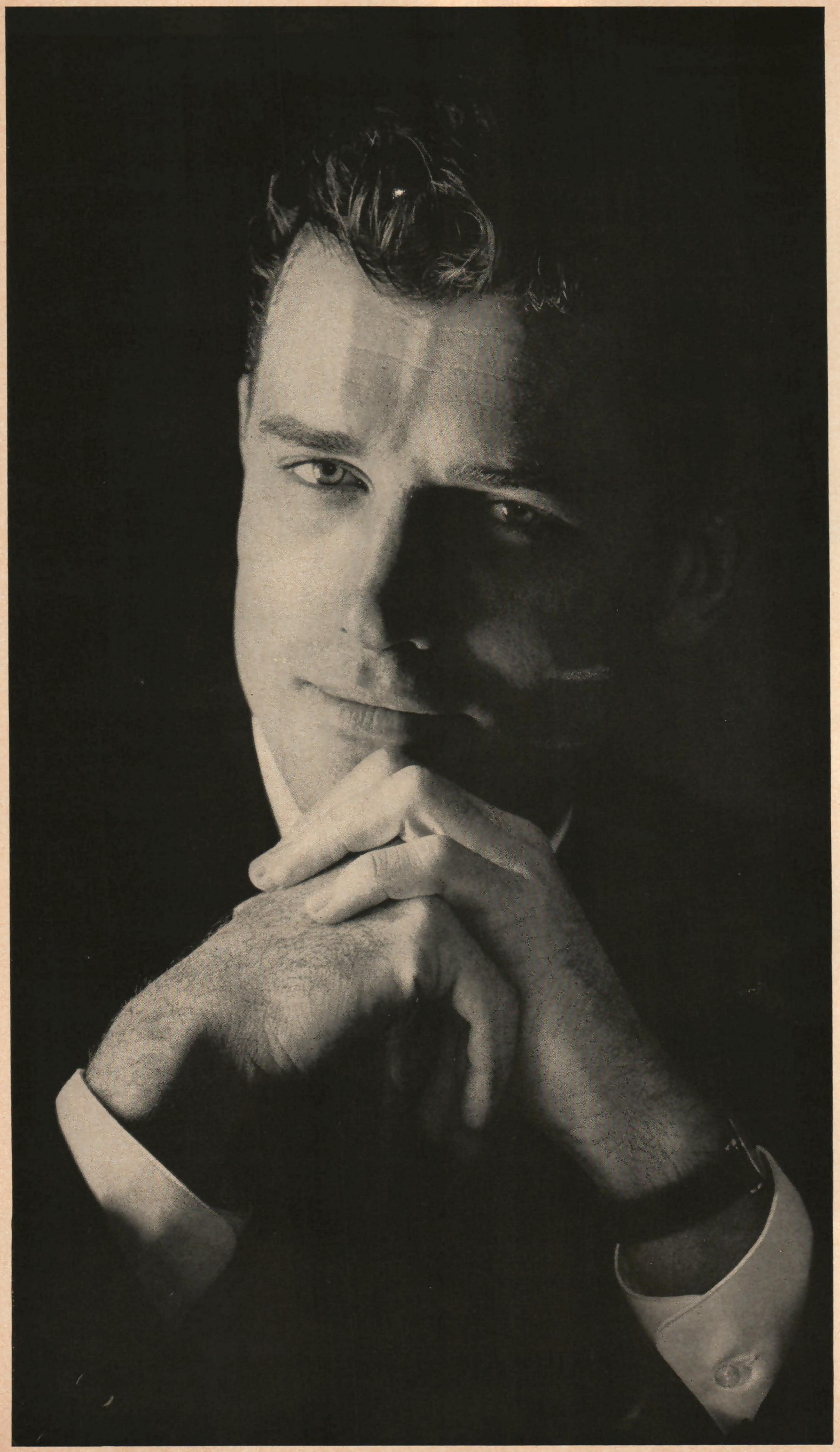
The possibilities are breath-taking. Light beams might be transmitted through long pipes, or could someday be just what are needed for communications in space—for example, between space ships.

Many other uses for coherent light beams in science and in the field of communications are being thought of as Bell Laboratories experiments go forward. Continuing research like this requires adequate telephone company profits so that we can bring you the latest service improvements at the earliest possible time and the lowest possible cost.



Bell Laboratories scientist adjusts new Optical Maser model, first such that operates continuously. Maser uses very little power, transmits narrowest light beam ever achieved. Name stands for "Microwave Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



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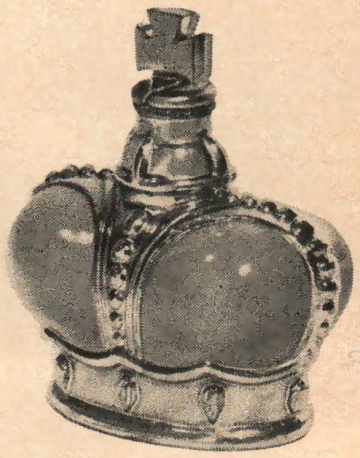
Nothing communicates a woman like Wind Song.

For this is the perfume created by Prince Matchabelli to diffuse differently on every woman who wears it. *You* are the ingredient that wakens its fragrance to fulfillment. As it warms to the rhythm of your own special pulse beat, Wind Song becomes uniquely your own . . . and you become the lovely disturber he can't get out of his mind.

WIND SONG



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One out of eight of us requires hospital care every year. This means that our hospitals have a heavier load than ever before—their staffs busier—their problems more complex.

But many of us do not know what hospitals are really like. It is remarkable how they manage to run so smoothly and efficiently 24 hours of every day and are able to provide such a wide variety of skills and services under one roof.

The doors of your community hospital will swing wide to greet you during National Hospital Week, May 7th to 13th.

Its staff will say to you: "Welcome! See for yourself how your hospital works for you and for the welfare of your community."

Our hospitals need your help and support. During National Hospital Week, visit and talk to the people who run your hospital. Ask if there is a volunteer job you could do.

A good, modern hospital is vital to the health of your community. Support it in every way you can. Every hospital—large or small—becomes a better hospital with your support.

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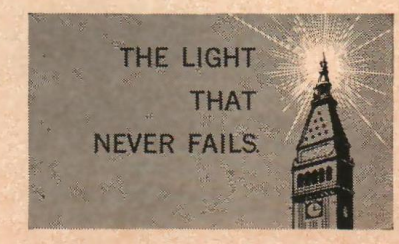

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James A. Michener (left) has an entry in Who's Who in America *that reads in part: "Served with USNR, on active duty in South Pacific, 1944-45. Awarded Pulitzer prize for fiction, 1947." The active duty and the fiction it inspired gave impetus to one of the most notable literary careers of our time. His last book,* Hawaii, *has been a best seller for over 74 weeks. He follows that now with a book of fascinating fact.* Inside Kennedy's Election, *a condensation of the volatile work, starts on page 56.*

LOOK

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Address all Editorial Mail to 488 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y. Address all Subscription Mail to LOOK Building, Des Moines 4, Iowa.

Change of Address: Send both addresses to LOOK, Des Moines 4, Iowa, 5 weeks before moving day. Subscriptions: One year, U. S. and Possessions and Canada $4.00. Pan-American countries and Spain $5.50; Philippines and other foreign countries $7.50 • Manuscripts or art submitted to LOOK should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

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LOOK is published every-other-Tuesday by Cowles Magazines and Broadcasting, Inc., at 715 Locust Street, Des Moines 4, Iowa, U. S. A. Second-class postage paid at Des Moines, Iowa, and at additional mailing offices. This issue published in New England, Middle Atlantic, Southeast, East Central, Central, West Central, Southwest and Pacific editions. Authorized as second-class matter by Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. Printed in U. S. A.

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BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
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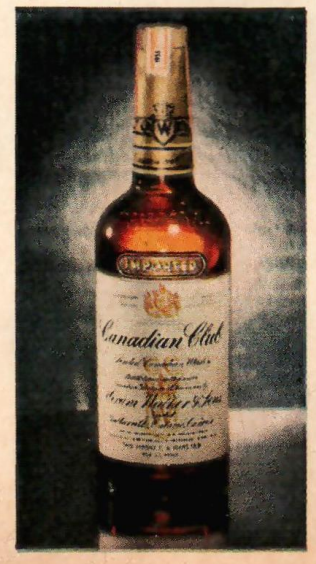
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE CANADA

Things to do while the bartender's busy



Admire yourself in the backbar mirror. Carefully adjust necktie.
★Think seriously about whether you will order whisk*y* or whisk*ey*.
Spend 30 seconds choosing between popcorn, peanuts and pretzels.
★Ask yourself why whisky from Canada or Scotland is spelled without the e.
Look over your wife's shopping list. If lost, prepare an excuse.
★Converse with your neighbor. Tell him Canadian and Scotch are lighter.
Plan to ask the boss for a raise. If self-employed, light a cigar.
★Decide to stay with the Canadian that's the lightest whisky in the world.
Consider flowers for wife. Check wallet to determine affordability.
★In proud, ringing tones, order Canadian Club—"The Best In The House."
Listen appreciatively as bartender confirms your worldly wisdom.

CANADIAN CLUB IS 6 YEARS OLD, 90.4 PROOF. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA
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End defrosting drudgery forever! Again in 1961 Frigidaire leads in making your life easier and happier!

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No more defrosting—either with gadgets or by hand. No more scraping. No more melting slush. You never see frost on freezer walls or food packages! Labels stay clear and bright; packages won't stick together.

Only Frigidaire offers you a Refrigerator with the Frost Forbidder! You can own a Frigidaire Frost-Proof Refrigerator for as little as $4.80 a week.* See the 1961 Models, many in five beautiful colors, at your dealer's.

**After small down payment.*
Model FPD-13T-61 (not shown). Ask your dealer for terms.

Prevents frost even in fully-loaded freezer space under most severe climate conditions!

Ice Ejector pops out cubes at a touch. No pulling, no sticking. Ice Server holds 80 cubes—enough for twenty tall, cool drinks.

More room! The Frigidaire Frost Forbidder prevents ice build-up that robs you of valuable storage space! Room for up to 21 more packages of frozen foods than in a conventional model.

Stretches space another way! All shelves and Hydrators are full-width and full-depth—no rounded corners. All together, you get enough extra space in this Refrigerator for a full bag of groceries more than in a conventional model with rounded shelves and Hydrators. You'll feel like a Queen with your new Frigidaire Refrigerator!

FPI-15B-61

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ADVANCED APPLIANCES DESIGNED WITH YOU IN MIND!

YOU'LL FIND FRIGIDAIRE FACTORY-TRAINED SERVICEMEN EVERYWHERE

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Robert Kennedy

Your interview with Robert Kennedy [*Robert Kennedy Speaks Out*, LOOK, March 28] was most informative and revealing. I found his reply to a question about antitrust activity particularly interesting. He expresses fear of too much power in either labor unions or corporations, but apparently neither he nor his brother regards too much power in the hands of the Government with equal trepidation. I wish they did.

MRS. PATRICIA PABST
San Antonio, Texas

In the wake of the rigged bidding of Government contracts by electrical firms and now the basketball scandals, America will certainly be looking to Robert Kennedy to create a climate which will breed a greater respect for our laws and rejuvenate the national morality.

But one thing troubles me. The Attorney General has seen fit to criticize those who preach integration, but do not practice it, especially in regard to schools. Where does he send his children?

MILTON D. SEIFE, D.D.S.
Yonkers, N. Y.

The Very Rev. Msgr. Thomas W. Lyons, assistant director of education for the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Washington, says: "Our schools began integration in 1949, and since 1951, all of them have been open to children of all races. Mr. Kennedy has no parish school where he lives in nearby Virginia, so his children attend Our Lady of Victory School, which is the nearest to him. This school has no Negro children only because there are no Negroes living in the parish who have applied for admittance of their children. Should any apply in the parish, they would be admitted as a matter of course."
—Ed.

I have read the rantings of other egomaniacs in my time, but none ever to equal the statement of Bobby Kennedy: "The survival of our country hinges on the success of this Administration." Not the future welfare, not the future strength, not the international importance, but the survival itself! Brother, that one ought to make even the most dedicated of Democrats and Kennedy fans cringe.

K. C. HOWARD
Hollywood, Calif.

The Red Cross

I read your article *The Red Cross Answers Its Critics* [LOOK, March 28] with much interest, for I have been one of those critics for years. During World War II, the Red Cross established canteens for servicemen overseas. And each such canteen was clearly labeled "Officers Only" or "Enlisted Personnel." . . . As is always the case when segregation is practiced, those canteens were much more separate than equal. . . . I assume the Red Cross would answer that the armed forces insisted on such segregation, but one wonders if [they] would have insisted on [their] undemocratic approach had the Red Cross made a fight of it.

AL HORMEL
Weston, Conn.

Did the Red Cross charge men in the armed forces for anything? It certainly did: specifically, in the winter of 1944-45, near the city of Lucca, Italy. Members of my outfit, Combat Command B, 1st Armored Division, had to pay for sandwiches when they visited the Red Cross unit between forays into the Gothic Line. That was the only occasion when we had to pay. But that experience, plus the several months during the North African campaign, when I was unable to get stationery, which I thought the Red Cross could supply, has kept me from contributing to the Red Cross campaigns since the war.

OSWALD JETT
Lexington, Ky.

continued

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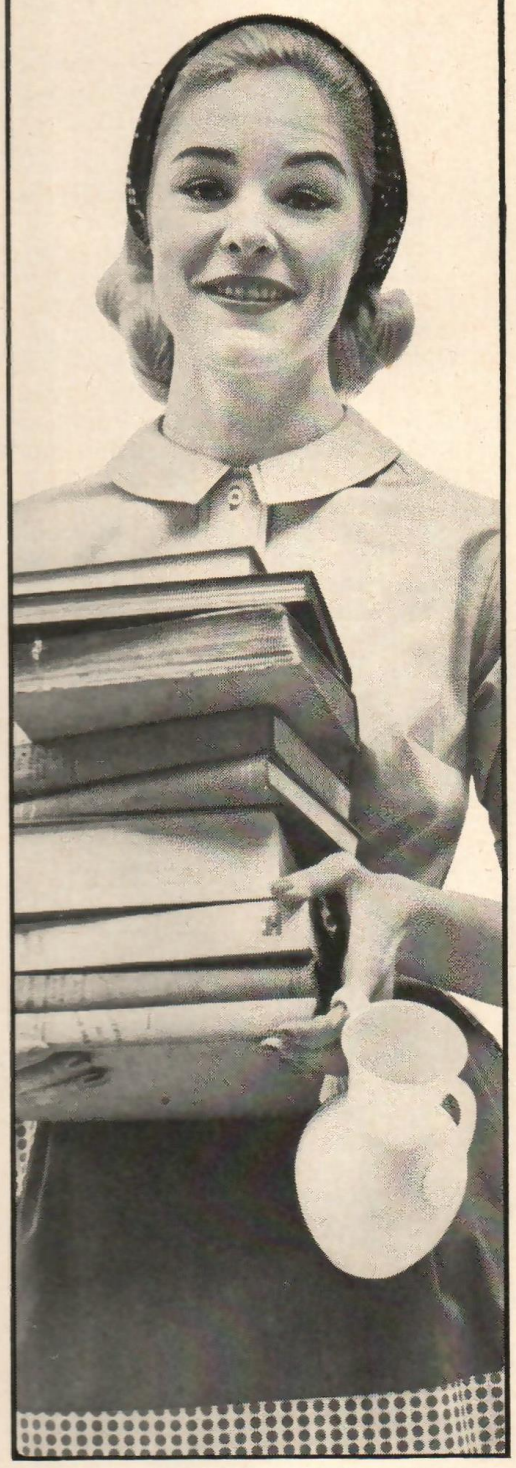

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Men who know medicine recommend Aspirin! In medical journals, newspaper articles, and personal interviews, doctors and public health officials repeatedly recommend aspirin. So, buy the *best* aspirin — buy *Bayer Aspirin.*

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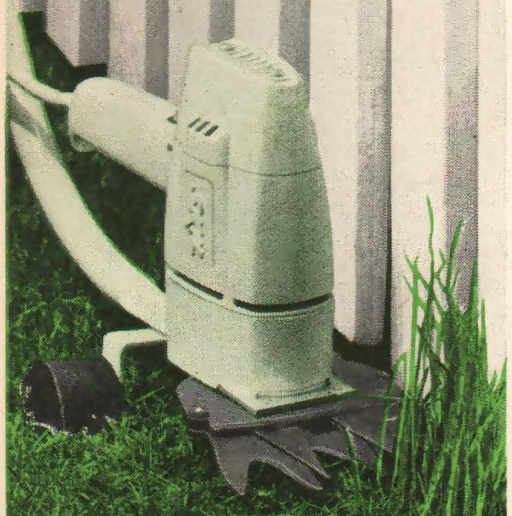

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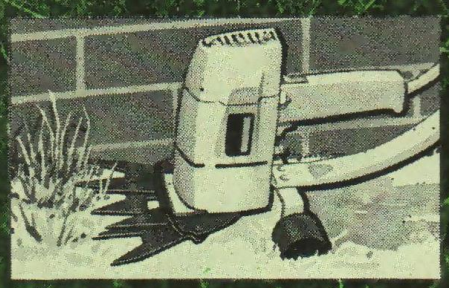
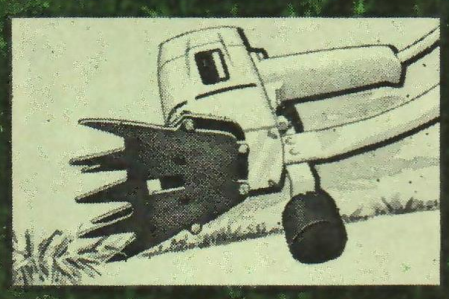
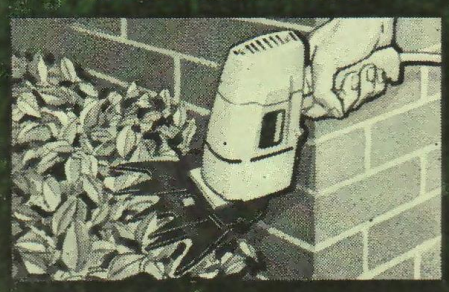


CLIPS FLUSH TO WALLS



EDGES GRASS NEATLY



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SKIL

. . . and SKILSAW POWER TOOLS

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Continent in an Uproar

Coverage of Africa in most American newspapers and magazines is so bad that LOOK's special issue [March 28] came as a welcome relief. Not only were the color shots unusual, but the text's point of view reflected a knowledgeable appreciation of what Africans want for Africa and their natural dignity.

L. D. REDDICK
Professor of History
Coppin State Teachers College
Baltimore, Md.

. . . A fascinating addition to the growing volume of literature on Africa. LOOK's treatment was quite outstanding. My compliments on this fine issue, its many exceptional features and, in particular, on your up-to-date map of the new Africa.

LOYD V. STEERE
Executive Vice-President
African-American Institute
New York, N. Y.

[LOOK writers Chandler] Brossard and [Ernest] Dunbar have demonstrated that the reporter on Africa today must squeeze the cheap color of sensationalism from his brush and slowly, if painfully, dip it into the gray, white, red, blue and black pigments around him.

Only such reporting can restore the confidence and comity of the African nations toward the Western press, while truly portraying the fast-changing face of that continent.

SAM M. OSU
Topeka, Kans.

I should like to express my surprise at the fact that, during his visit to Angola, your correspondent did not seem to have had the occasion to observe one single facet of the life in that territory favorable to our administration.

Would it not be more beneficial to the West, and indeed to the native populations themselves, if the press, through a more constructive criticism, suggested — for example — the financial assistance [given by Portugal] to the [overseas] administrations in order that they may intensify the economic and social progress of the underdeveloped populations, instead of judging the situation in a unilateral and destructive manner which, in the last analysis, only handicaps the normal development of the territories and harms the efforts of all the interested parties?

L. ESTEVES FERNANDES
Ambassador of Portugal
Washington, D. C.

Portugal's "civilizing mission" leaves me with nausea. To delay the constructive aspects of freedom hinders any genuine atmosphere conducive to world peace, stability and progress.

H. KRUSE
San Francisco, Calif.

Ernest Dunbar's article on Angola is by far the most biased piece of journalism to come from the pen of a free-thinking man. Not only does it distort the truth about Angola, but it also leaves one with the impression that "self-exiled" terrorists (perchance Communist-trained) are symbols of justice.

We here in the United States are not compelled to defend the Portuguese position. We defend it because we are part of it, because we know what it means and stands for. All of Portugal is Portuguese, continental or overseas, and everyone born on Portuguese soil is Portuguese—black, white or yellow.

As a final note, we might ask: Which is better—a Portuguese Angola free from racial prejudice or a new, independent, Communist-inspired nation?

JOSÉ ALVES RODRIGUES
President
Portuguese American Associations
New York, N. Y.

Bravo to LOOK and Ernest Dunbar for the incisive and thought-provoking account of Portugal's shameful government policies in Angola.

Until the recent *Santa Maria* episode, articles on Portugal's government appeared very rarely indeed in the United States press, and, with very few exceptions, they almost invariably contained a variation of the phrase "benevolent dictatorship" in reference to Dr. [Antonio de Oliveira] Salazar's regime.

Born in the United States of Portuguese parents, I have always been extremely interested in Portugal and, until I visited that warm, beautiful country as a tourist, I believed in the fiction of Dr. Salazar's benevolence. But I saw many things there and I heard more!

A dictatorship is a dictatorship, and while one may be slightly less reprehensible than another, it is a question of degree, not of "benevolence." There can be no benevolence in a government which pays only lip service to human rights and curtails personal liberty.

Undoubtedly, Dr. Salazar has been completely content these many years to remain quietly outside the international spotlight. However, the party's over. The *Santa Maria* episode, the U.N.'s proposed inquiry into Angola and LOOK's wonderful article are all signs that the world's attention, at long last, will be riveted on Portugal and Dr. Salazar for a long time to come.

Incidentally, even though the U.N. Security Council unfortunately failed to pass its resolution calling for a United Nations inquiry in Angola, I am proud and happy that President Kennedy and Ambassador [Adlai E.] Stevenson decided to vote for the resolution, instead of taking the old, moth-eaten Eisenhower stand, in such cases, of standing by NATO allies, regardless of sacrificed principles.

If the United States delegation had voted against the resolution, not only would it have been morally wrong, but, on a more practical level, it would have given the Communists one more chance to steal the march from us in the eyes of the all-important new nations of Africa and Asia.

EDMUND ROSE
New York, N. Y.

. . . If the United States would cease fearing the darker races of the world and accept them without reservation, Soviet Russia and its communism wouldn't have a leg to stand on.

R. S. TAGGETT
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

continued

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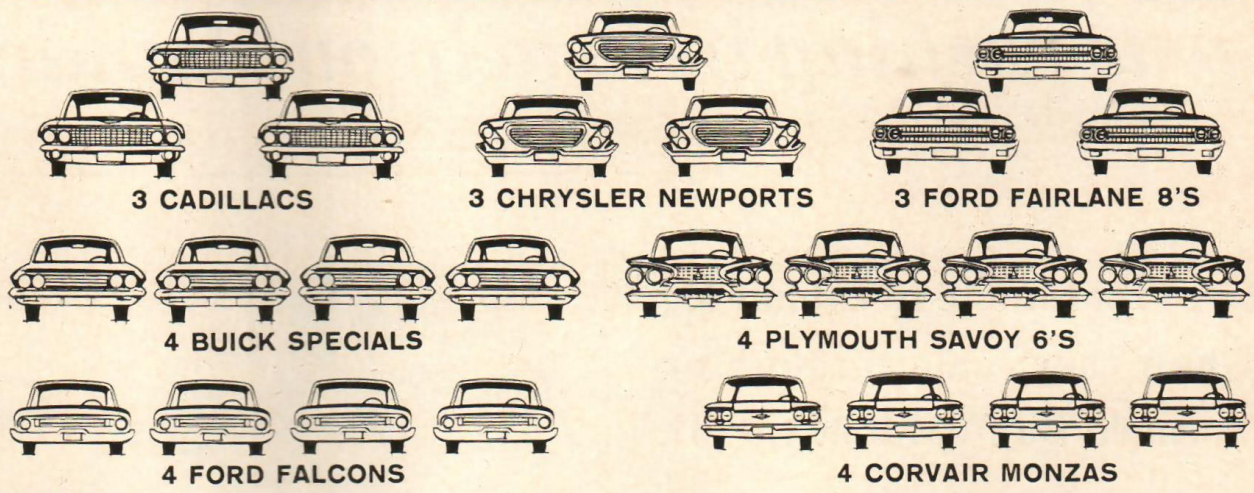

Last chance—contest ends May 15. Just fill out the entry blank below and deposit it in the "Official Ballot Box" at any participating Mobil dealer. Enter as often as you wish. Get extra blanks from your friendly Mobil dealer. *Nothing* to buy!

FACTS ABOUT THE FAMOUS MOBILGAS ECONOMY RUN:

What is the Mobilgas Economy Run? It's an actual on-the-road test of the miles-per-gallon potential of today's cars. It's conducted and certified by the United States Auto Club and every make American car has been economy proved in this annual classic.

Where is the Run held? Every year the Route is different. But it's always carefully planned to include most every type of driving condition you would be likely to encounter in a year's driving. This year the Run started in Los Angeles, California, and ended 6 days and 2561 miles later in Chicago, Illinois.

Who wins the Run? Cars entered in the Mobilgas Economy Run are divided into 7 classes, with a winner in each class. Classes range from Class A which includes the compact cars to Class G—high priced cars. These groupings make it easier to compare the results and make the Run a clear-cut guide to the mileage potential of today's cars.

Mobil

RULES

You may enter this Sweepstakes as often as you wish. All entries must be deposited with participating Mobil dealers by May 15, 1961. Only one prize to a family. Winners will be determined by a random drawing conducted by D. L. Blair Corporation and notified by telegram about 6 to 8 weeks after the close of the Sweepstakes. This Sweepstakes is void in New Jersey, Wisconsin, Florida and wherever else prohibited or restricted by law. Residents of Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky and Mississippi are not eligible to enter. Employees of the Socony Mobil Oil Company, Inc., and members of their immediate families, employees of its advertising agencies plus Mobil dealers and their employees are not eligible to enter.

Selection of winners: First name drawn will receive Grand Prize of $25,000 in cash. Next 25 names drawn will win a brand-new duplicate of one of the 7 class winners of the 1961 Mobilgas Economy Run. (3 Cadillacs will be given away, 3 Chrysler Newports and 3 Ford Fairlane 8's. In addition, 4 Plymouth Savoy 6's, 4 Buick Specials, 4 Corvair Monzas, and 4 Ford Falcons.)

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SPECIAL!!! EXTRA BONUS $5,000!

Learn the facts about the Mobilgas Economy Run and you may win an extra $5,000 if your entry is drawn for the grand prize and the 3 statements below are correctly answered. Check whether they're true or false. For clues read column at left titled "Facts." The Mobilgas Economy Run is your best guide to the mileage potential of today's cars because:

Cars are divided into 7 classes according to their size and type, with a winner in each class. ☐ TRUE ☐ FALSE

The route is over 2,000 miles long and covers most every type of driving condition you're likely to encounter in a year's driving. ☐ TRUE ☐ FALSE

The Mobilgas Economy Run is conducted and certified by the United States Auto Club. ☐ TRUE ☐ FALSE

This space for dealer name and address ▶

B

It hit Chicago like a bomb at 5:12 p.m.

...and 90 minutes later, an Allstate Disaster Team was rushing in to help out hundreds of policyholders

Here's the minute-by-minute log of how they came through on "Tornado Day", March 4, 1961:

SATURDAY

5:05—The sky was black over 75th Street, and the air was dangerously warm. You could almost hear the quiet.

5:12—It hit like a bomb. Most of the people didn't see the funnel-shaped cloud. In 60 seconds it tore the roofs off houses, crumpled walls, turned cars into twisted junks, and hurled people through the air.

The twister killed one man, injured over 100 and damaged thousands of buildings in a 7 mile strip through Chicago's south side.

5:35—Police arrived to guard against looting. Red Cross units swung into action.

6:00—Calls started piling up at the switchboards in Allstate district offices in the area.

6:45—Allstate's Claim Manager heard the news at home. He put through emergency calls to 6 key people on a special Disaster Team.

7:00—An Allstate claims man rushed into the neighborhood to make a fast survey. Other Allstate claims men were streaking toward the area from all over the city.

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, Allstate's contracting crews were on the scene, boarding up walls, nailing down roofs, and installing temporary chimney flues on the hardest-hit homes.

8:30—Now there were 6 claims men on the scene. A special Disaster Unit was set up in the district office at 1516 E. 87th Street.

8:35—A member of the Disaster Team made arrangements for a sound truck to blanket the area Sunday morning with a message of help.

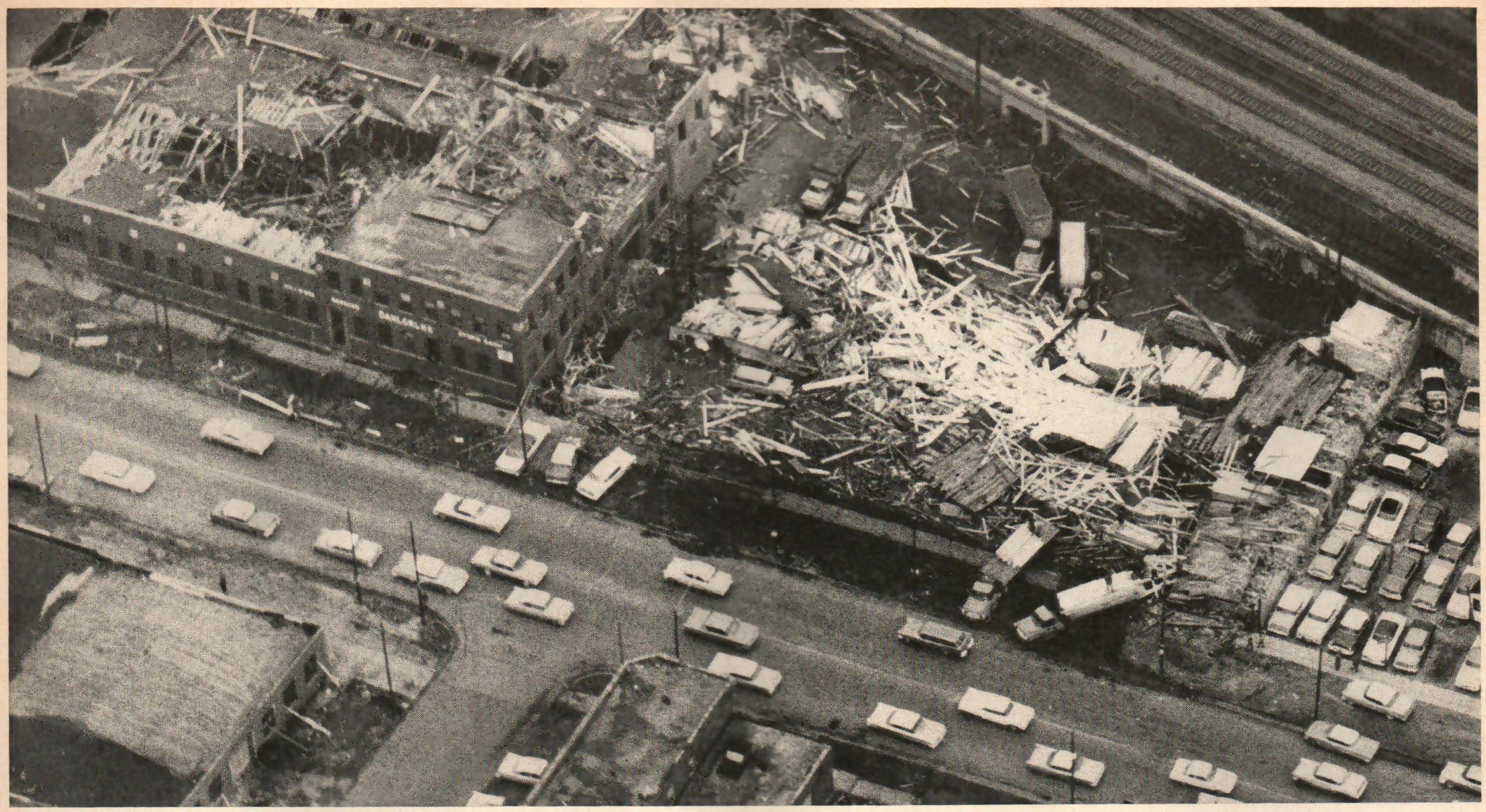
10:30—Arrangements were made with contracting firms for emergency repairs. Allstate's orders: get your men into action as fast as humanly possible.

11:00—Contractors were rounding up men and materials from as far away as McHenry, Illinois—50 miles away.

12:00—Allstate claims men continued to comb the area, checking on damage to Allstate Auto, Property, and Commercial policyholders.

SUNDAY

3:00 a. m.—The crews called it a night and



IT TOOK LESS THAN A MINUTE. The Tornado hopped through Chicago's south side like a pogo stick, damaging thousands of buildings and leaving hundreds without a roof over their heads. Allstate was on the scene in less than two hours.

ALL DAY SUNDAY, and again on Monday, Allstate's sound truck broadcasted instructions on whom to call for help.

planned to be on the job at 9:00.

9:00—At the Allstate Disaster Unit on 87th Street, 15 people were on hand, ready to handle claims as fast as possible.

Radio announcements went on the air, telling policyholders whom to call for help.

9:05—Contractors arrived with 5 crews and trucks. They came with plaster board, plywood and other emergency materials to patch up the extreme damage.

9:10—Allstate's sound truck started rolling through the area, broadcasting a message of help: "Allstate policyholders . . . call REgent 1-5300 for Tornado damage claims . . ."

10:00—The Disaster Unit was handling a steady flow of calls and relaying information to claims men. The contractors were hard at work throughout the area, boarding up walls, patching windows and nailing down roofs.

A towing service was pulling damaged cars to a central area for inspection.

6:00—Majority of policyholders' damaged homes were now patched up and in liveable condition. Majority of smashed car windows were replaced.

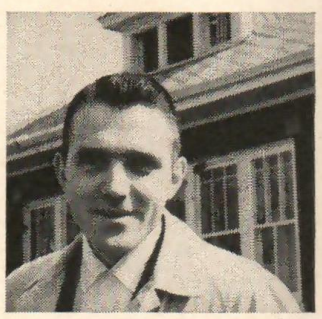
The worst of it was over.

Is your insurance company set up to move this fast? Service like this doesn't just "happen". Allstate prepares for it with the largest full-time salaried claims staff in the business—4,500 men whose only job is to help you when the chips are down. Isn't that what insurance is for? Look up "Allstate Insurance" in your telephone book for full details.

Allstate Insurance Companies, Home Offices: Skokie, Illinois. Auto • Property • Accident & Sickness • Life Insurance.

May we help you?

WHAT THEY SAID THE DAY AFTER . . .



JOSEPH DIETRICH: ". . . the Tornado lifted the roof and I contacted Allstate. An hour later, they saw to it that our house was boarded up and the roof covered."

FRANK GUZZO: ". . . I reported the damage to Allstate and within thirty minutes emergency crews were out here, patching up the windows and roof."

FRANK DE ALBA: "... the damage on my car came to $341 and this was settled in about ten minutes at the very most. I'm very highly satisfied with Allstate."

RONALD MORRIS: ". . . flying debris damaged my car over $300 worth, and Allstate took care of it right away. I got my check in 30 minutes."

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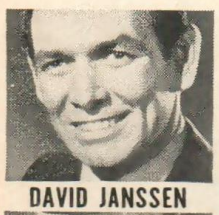
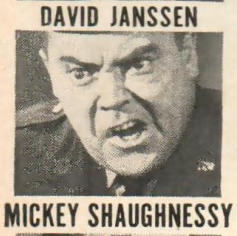


DAVID JANSSEN

PATTI PAGE



MICKEY SHAUGHNESSY

ROBERT STRAUSS

ARNOLD STANG

and
WALTER WINCHELL
LOUIS QUINN • GALE GORDON
and introducing
DAVID KORY
as "**Dondi**"
Based on the comic strip by GUS EDSON and IRWIN HASEN

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COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE THEATRE

Will Disarmament Stop War?

You performed a valuable public service in publishing Emery Reves's article *Why Waste Time Discussing Disarmament?* [LOOK, March 28].

It is a breath of fresh air sweeping over the stale arguments for disarmament. Timely, too, because Congress in August passed the Atlantic Convention resolution (by vote of 288 to 103 in the House). This provides for a convention to be held in 1961 with representatives from the NATO nations, looking toward what some people hope will be the beginning of the "world-wide legal order" which Emery Reves shows is our only security against war.

MORGAN HARRIS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Orchids to the Editor for presenting to us Emery Reves's sage thoughts on peace and disarmament. If there is anything your readership can thrive on, it is admirable vision and wholesome insight. Thank you for this caliber of public service.

SYLVIA GRAMBA
Pittsburgh, Pa.

The author has apparently forgotten an outstanding historical event that completely refutes the claim that a "supranational legal order . . . will prevent war." In 1789, a group of 13 independent political units formed a supergovernment [whose objective, among others] was to "insure domestic tranquillity." Although this new government established the legal system, the courts and the police forces (Army, Navy, militia, marshals, etc.) prescribed by today's theorists, it was torn by internal strife and suffered one of the bloodiest wars of history. We are now commemorating the hundredth anniversary of the American Civil War.

It is evident that something in addition to "laws" and "police force" is essential if we wish to avoid war. Possibly the solution will someday be found in the hearts of men.

L. H. RITTENHOUSE
Haverford, Pa.

Emery Reves has presented one of the most cogent proposals for peace that I have ever heard. His rejection of disarmament, however, conflicts with my selfish desire to survive.

. . . Although disarmament is a stopgap proposal, usually divorced from a long-range international political program, it has the advantage of offering survival to those future generations who must learn to subordinate nationality to internationality.

NANCY KATZ
Baltimore, Md.

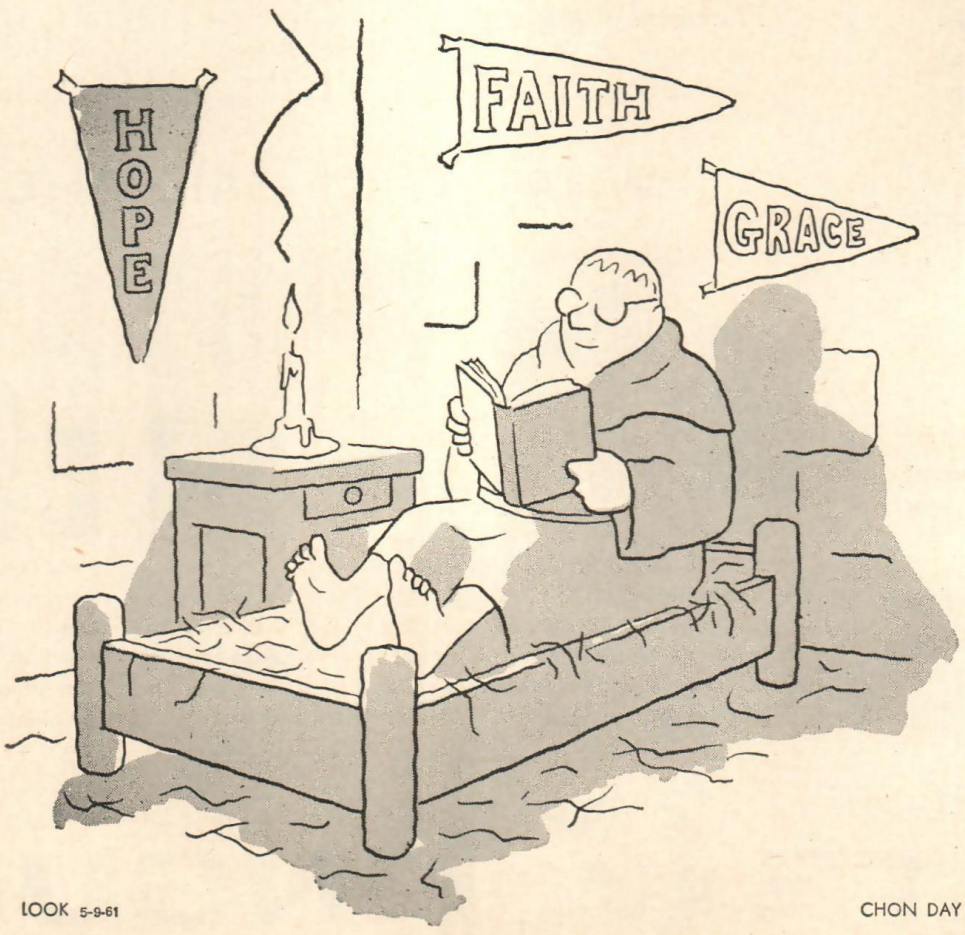
. . . Reves makes a tragic mistake when he arbitrarily states that the real issue is peace, not disarmament. The real issue is not disarmament, neither is it peace—the real issue is freedom. Apparently, Reves would be willing to surrender freedom to achieve peace. Liberty is still better than life! Patrick Henry must have been divinely inspired when he said, "Give me liberty or give me death."

THE REV. ROBERT SCHULLER
Garden Grove Community Church
Garden Grove, Calif.

END

Address letters to Editor of LOOK, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. No anonymous letters will be considered for publication.

Brother Sebastian



LOOK 5-9-61

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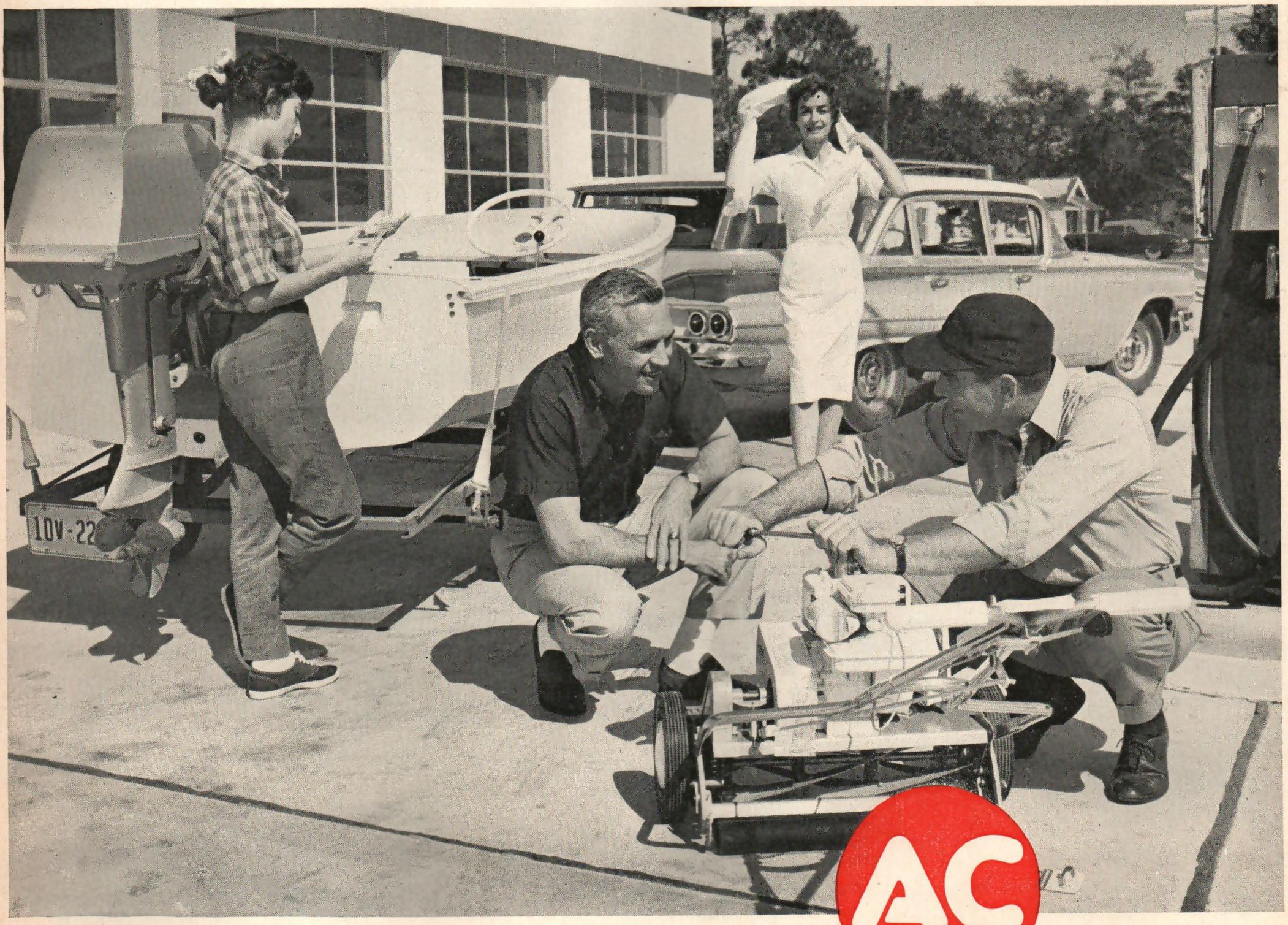

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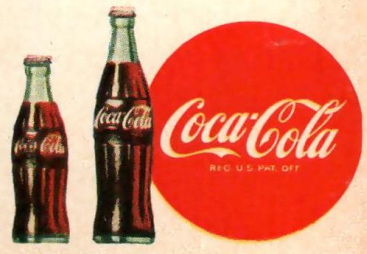


Regular or King Size

LOOK MAY 9, 1961 / VOLUME 25, NO. 10

ALGERIA

...DE GAULLE'S BIGGEST GAMBLE

By EDWARD M. KORRY LOOK EUROPEAN EDITOR

AT LONG last, the agony is ending. Peace is coming to Algeria. However tedious the negotiations, whatever the die-hards may undertake, "nothing," as President Charles de Gaulle confided recently, "can prevent the conclusion. Things have gone too far." It has taken more than six years of savagery for France to recognize that the fighting could only end with Algerian independence. In these frightful months, tens upon tens of thousands have been killed or maimed; millions more, made homeless.

For France, the price has been horrendous. The war has convulsed French political life and cursed relations with every country. It has cost $15 billion and kept 500,000 soldiers in the battlefield. All this, for a desperately poor land, two thirds desert. Not even the oil, gas and still undiscovered riches of the Sahara can make the balance sheet less dismal.

Ironically, the French Army has won its war; in the past year, the Algerian rebel army has not dared confront the tanks, planes and guns of the forces under the tricolor. But military success was not enough. The war was lost where it counted most—in the hearts and minds of citizens at home.

It took de Gaulle to open their eyes, to reveal to them the futility and degradation of a struggle against time, history and the world. Only he, the man brought to power by the army three years ago to hold Algeria for France, could recall to his people that their true greatness—their *grandeur*, to use his favorite word—was of the spirit and of the intellect, and not in the use of power against a captive people.

The obstacles were, and are, huge. The French Army rebelled last year rather than abandon Algeria; it still insists on peace with honor. The 1,000,000 Europeans of Algeria, French by citizenship, conspired to break away from the homeland, rather than accept self-determination by the 9,000,000 Moslems; some have even been weighing the assassination of de Gaulle. At home, ambitious politicians of left, right and center seek to replace de Gaulle; and abroad, Nikita Khrushchev, Mao Tse-tung, Gamal Abdel Nasser and others jockey for control of the Algerian independence movement. Finally, there are the Algerian Moslems, awakened from their torpor and ready to die for freedom.

Because these forces are so potent and because the Moslems may not be ready for the responsibilities of full independence, peace is a perilous leap into the unknown. In the biggest of his gambles, de Gaulle is betting that reason can be made to prevail over emotion and that Algerians and French will find a way to live together in harmony and democracy.

continued

ALGERIA

Charles de Gaulle steps into the middle of a tense Algerian crowd on his tour of

EVEN HIS FOES CALL

De Gaulle's stature is higher with Algeria's Moslems than with the Europeans.

DE GAULLE can walk where other Frenchmen fear to tread, because he towers over his nation like a mythical king. No one can dispute his claim that today he *is* France. True, there is a cabinet, a parliament, a constitution and a system of free elections. There is also the army, made neurotic by 20 years of consecutive defeats and understandably fed up with all politicians. The Communist party is as active as ever, too, fattening on France's social ills.

Yet neither the men nor the machinery of the country have stopped de Gaulle; at best, they merely delayed him in his "mission." In the end, he did what he wanted. "The state will not permit the claim of those who enjoy some personal standing—political, trade-union, military, journalistic or other personalities—to influence the guidance of France," he said. "The guidance of France belongs to those upon whom it conferred that duty. Therefore it belongs, *par excellence*, to me."

The autocratic note of this and of many similar statements sounds off key to Americans. It doesn't strike us as really democratic. Nor does it so strike the French. But although they grumble about de Gaulle's kingly ways, although they tell countless jokes about him, although they mock his Eiffel-Towerish figure, and although they often fail to understand his high-flown utterances, they respond to him. They see in de Gaulle the image of the France they learned about in their history books; they hear the phrasing that made French the language of the cultured; they feel ennobled by the majesty of his aims, and they sense in his courage, his craftiness and his love for suspenseful drama their own traditional qualities.

This ability to rouse the French to pride in themselves—and to do so without demagoguery or dictatorship—is all the political power de Gaulle has needed. The mere threat of going to the people directly through a popular referendum was enough to confuse his divided foes. Even the most dim-witted of French generals shies from a *Putsch* against the mass of his own people. Even Communist voters desert the hammer and sickle to vote for de Gaulle. Why? "*Après tout, c'est un grand homme,*" they say. This feeling that "after all, he's a great man," works on the Moslems too. They trust him, and because of this confidence, the masses are ready to remain linked to France.

Very few people understood that, when de Gaulle returned to power, he intended to work for an Algeria freely associated with France. He hoped gradually to effect fundamental changes in Algeria's social and economic structure—to convince Moslems that, even under Frenchmen, there would be opportunity and reward. But first the Europeans and then the army provoked showdowns. Each lost. In the process, de Gaulle cleverly broke the alliances between the two. But then the Moslems overturned a century of subservience to clamor in the streets for independence. In the end, the French could no longer understand the point of the war. The tests of strength had upset de Gaulle's timetable, but the way to peace was open.

Youth has led the Algerian fight for freedom. The veil-less girls reflect the social upheaval that has accompanied the war.

the war area in December. Peace moves followed some weeks later.

DE GAULLE "UN GRAND HOMME"

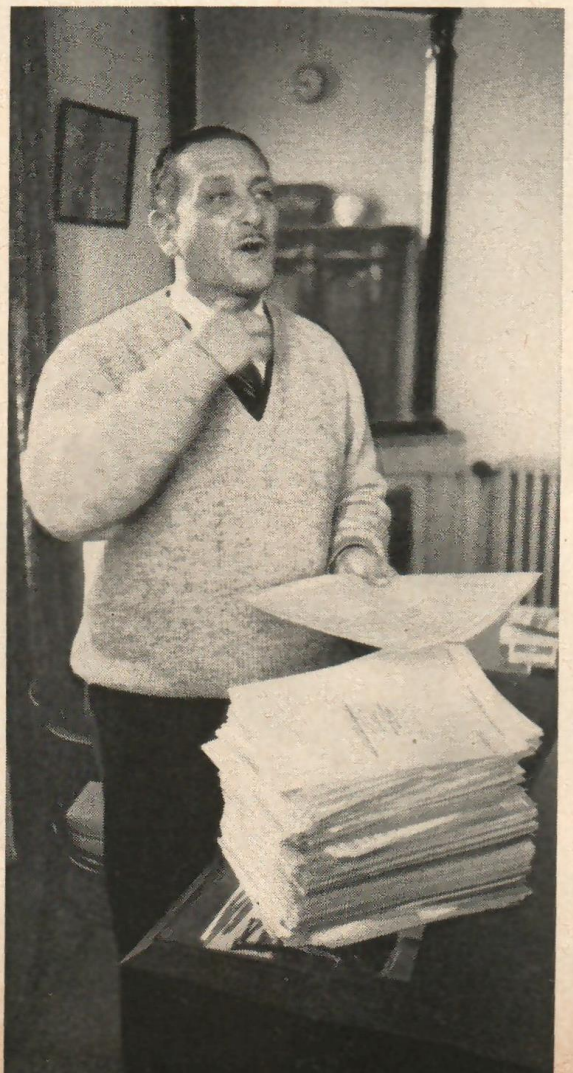
Because of his popularity, the mass of Moslems favor a connection with France.

continued

Mayor Collet surveys his town from an army fort. Europeans are outnumbered 13 to 1 because of record Moslem births and steady Moslem drift into town.

FRENCHMEN IN ALGERIA

The mayor of a town where his family has lived for three generations says he will stay, but wonders if he will be able to do so



EVEN WITH THE WAR OVER, blood could run for a long time after the peace. Envied or hated after 131 years of French colonizing, the 1,000,000 Europeans living in a sea of exultant Moslems are terrified of another Congo. Their despair has become their slogan: "Death or departure."

Because only one tenth of them were born in France and because the ancestral land of most is Spain, Italy or Corsica, the Europeans generally consider Algeria home. Just a wealthy handful know France well. Of the rest, few can afford to tear out their roots suddenly to try their luck in a "homeland" foreign to them. Yet they know that to remain means a certain loss of status and no more than a 50-50 chance of keeping their jobs.

For those whose forefathers came to Algeria from France in the 19th century, the choice is harsh. Such a man is Victor Collet (above and left), mayor of Rivet, a rural town of only 900 Europeans and 12,000 Moslems. His grandfather and his father lie in Rivet's cemetery; his daughter and granddaughter live in the town today. Five generations of family and three generations of draining swamps, clearing land and irrigating soil are behind the 62-acre Collet farm.

"How can we just leave it?" he asks. "Who would buy it? The Moslems expect it to be handed to them with independence. Anyhow, France doesn't want us; it takes us all for criminals. Yes, we made mistakes. We called them *ratons*. We said that they were an inferior race and that they were happy as they were. We never had segregation like you in America, yet look what happened. We should have done 20 years ago what we're doing today—educating and making jobs for them. My God, what a fortune we're spending on it!

"It has been hell. Four times, they came out of the hills and encircled the whole town. Every night, they slip past our houses. They've killed 20 Europeans and 40 of their own people. They've left 146 orphans in Rivet. Even now, with soldiers garrisoned here, no one dares step out after sunset. Our doors are armored; our windows, barred. We live like caged animals. I wouldn't walk a step without a pistol in my belt.

"All we can do is hope that, after all his broken promises to us, de Gaulle will win some guarantees for us in the peace he negotiates. If he doesn't, it will be a catastrophe, with the two communities at each other's throats."

"I'd sooner have my throat cut than leave Algeria," Collet says. The papers are reports on terrorist actions in Rivet.

Photographed by BOB SANDBERG

ALGERIA

A man jailed by the French for aiding the FLN is now hunted by rival Algerians in a pitiless fight for power

ALGERIANS IN FRANCE

ABDARAHMAN (below and right) is one of 400,000 Algerian Moslems living in France. He has been there nine years. Most of his ten children were born there. He is a member of a French (Catholic) union; he draws a family allowance of $165 a month and shares in other French welfare benefits. Under the legal fiction that has classified Algeria politically as part of France, he is legally a full French citizen.

Algeria has 2,000,000 Moslems permanently jobless and one of the highest birth rates in the world (53 per cent of the people are under 20). So the economic Mecca of Algerians has long been France. Out of their earnings, Algerians in France send home money enough to keep alive another 1,500,000 of their brethren.

Abdarahman did not escape the war. He paid his dues to the rebel FLN (National Liberation Front) and helped it in other ways. For that, he spent nine months recently in a French jail. Today, he is on parole. And, like the Europeans in Algeria, he lives in constant fear—not of the French, but of his own people. "Colonialists" are evidently not the only ones who are guilty of terroristic methods.

Every day for five years, an average of six Moslems in France have been shot by their own gunmen. In Algeria, the toll has been far higher. The Algerian rebel government is not merely fighting for independence; it wants power too. Anyone refusing to contribute to its treasury, anyone accused of collaborating with France, anyone supporting a rival group of freedom fighters can be suddenly struck down. This bloody settling of accounts among the Moslems themselves, in both France and Algeria, will continue long after the armistice.

Abdarahman is a marked man because he is known to have worked for the FLN. "Gunmen are out to get me," he says. He won't stray far from his apartment house outside Lyons. He changes jobs, losing much income, rather than risk daily commutation. He has lived long months under French surveillance. "But if my people are freed, it has been worth it," Abdarahman says. "As for me and my family, we would like to stay here."

Ironically, Abdarahman's apartment is in a center housing refugee European families.

Tracked by rival Algerian gunmen and watched by French agents, Abdarahman rarely ventures out. He took a low-paying job next door rather than risk commuting.

continued

De Gaulle is convinced that the peace-making process can be neither stopped nor reversed.

REAL PEACE IN ALGERIA DEPENDS ON A 70-YEAR-OLD MAN

MARCH 15, 1961, will long be remembered as marking the end of an era. By one of the most remarkable coincidences in history, three extraordinary events occurred the same day, heralding a major turning point in the West's relations with the world.

In Paris, de Gaulle broke cleanly with the past by offering to meet the Algerian rebels to negotiate the end of the war. In London, South Africa announced its withdrawal from the British Commonwealth. And in New York, the United States voted for the first time against a NATO ally (Portugal) on a colonial issue (Angola).

The implications of these three simultaneous actions will affect our lives for years to come. Some things are already clear. The most important is that the Big Three of the West have finally accepted in fact as well as in theory that there can be no compromises on the vital issues of racism and colonialism. We, the French and the British have now spoken clearly—clearly enough to give American segregationists final notice to get in step with the rest of the country and of the democratic world. The Russians understood quickly. They switched the focus of their propaganda away from "colonialism" to our racial troubles and to "neo-colonialism"—their word for Western efforts to aid poorer lands. But despite the new line, the actions of March 15 have greatly strengthened the West.

Since Charles de Gaulle is a man who keeps an ear cocked to history, he knew the South Africa action was in the cards. He knew, too, that the election of John F. Kennedy as President was a warning that the U.S. would no longer straddle the Algeria problem by continuing arms aid to France while murmuring encouragement to the Algerians. Kennedy was the only senator to take the floor to deliver a meaningful speech on Algeria—a speech four years ago in which he condemned the French actions, predicted their failure and rebuked the Eisenhower Administration for its role in the Algerian question. It was obvious to de Gaulle that, with Kennedy in the White House, it would be only a matter of months before the United Nations voted more direct intervention in Algeria. Such a decision, de Gaulle felt, would open Algeria to the kind of international confusion that has characterized the Congo situation.

De Gaulle is not a man to tolerate others' calling his signals. He decided to preside over the dissolution of an empire, rather than have it dissolve under him. He granted independence to all of France's many colonies in Africa. With the exception of Guinea, all prepared to accept agreements that linked them to France. Thus a new kind of French world community was born—a flexible structure into which de Gaulle hopes he can fit a free Algeria.

De Gaulle seeks Mediterranean alliance

Only by maintaining Algeria's connection to France can his despairing army be persuaded that their "victory" was not futile; only by a gradual turnover of power can the smoldering fire between the Europeans and the Moslems be smothered; only by keeping Algeria in the franc monetary zone can the oil and gas of the Sahara be bought by France for its expanding economy. To complete his picture of the Algerian future, de Gaulle has joined Habib Bourguiba of Tunisia in trying to persuade the rebels to unite with Tunisia and Morocco in one great Maghreb (West) federation linked to France. Such a Mediterranean coalition would bar Khrushchev's or Nasser's political penetration and would link Europe and Africa. Without such an alliance, de Gaulle fears the strategic area would become easy pickings for the enemies of the West, menacing all of Africa.

Such is the Gaullist master plan. Many details have to be filled in. Some, like the future status of the Sahara and the revenues from its buried treasure, are very complex. Others, such as the reaction of the army officers and of the Europeans, cannot be calculated on paper.

De Gaulle knows that there will be much heartache for Europeans like Victor Collet. Although France is pumping $800,000,000 worth of aid into Algeria this year to create new industries and more jobs, and although 37,000 Moslems have now been placed in the Algerian civil services, it is plainly impossible to accommodate the mass of Moslem jobless.

The "poor whites" of Algeria—the railwaymen, bus drivers, office workers and so on—must inevitably be displaced by the newly independent citizens. Shop owners will be squeezed out. A land-reform program will slice away the French hold on agriculture. In a matter of a very few years, some 400,000 Europeans may be forced to quit Algeria in a gigantic exodus. Who will pay their way? Who will accept them? It is reckoned that France could do the job for $3,500,000,000—the equivalent of 18 months of Algerian war costs. Unless President de Gaulle provides these people with a sure exit from a dilemma not entirely of their own making, the consequences could be tragic. Devices such as double-citizenship clauses for the Algerians in France and for the Europeans in Algeria will be worthless unless practical steps are also taken.

He has three major goals

Despite all these difficulties, de Gaulle is firmly convinced that the peace-making process can be neither stopped nor reversed. Besides, he sees peace as a means to a much more ambitious end—to regain the leadership of Europe for France. By replacing negative policies with positive goals, by ridding the country of the neurosis that has overshadowed it, he hopes to renew France and thus Europe. In practical terms, de Gaulle has these three major objectives:

1. To push forward the long-impending social revolution in France. The release of half a million men from the armed forces plus the flow of Europeans from Algeria will provide a fresh impetus to the country's current economic boom.

2. To strengthen and to widen the economic unification of the six Common Market countries by leading them into political confederation. Despite West German reservations about differences with Britain, de Gaulle intends to make Paris the real capital of this new force in global affairs.

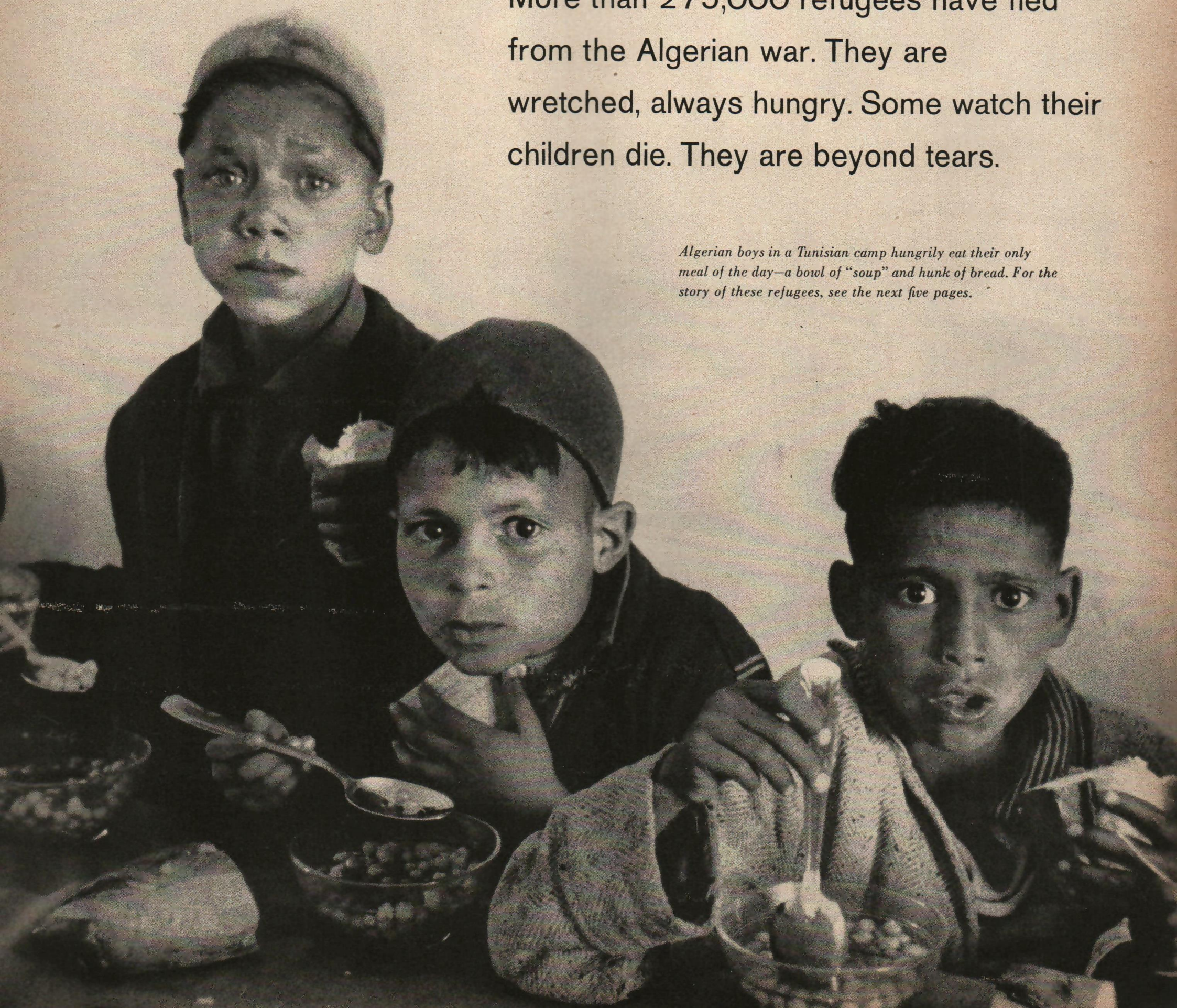
3. To force Washington to accept France as a fully equal partner in dealing with all world problems and as the primary spokesman for continental Europe. De Gaulle will pursue his plans to create a French nuclear deterrent, not merely to provide new horizons for his despondent army, but to ensure that Europe and France are not entirely dependent for their security on us.

These are bold goals in a country with a reputation for turning its back on its leaders, once they have done their main job. France is still much divided politically. It may look at an Algerian peace as the end of its troubles and relax again into the kind of domestic disorder that sent de Gaulle into retirement in 1946. But if his past three years as President have shown anything, it is that de Gaulle is much shrewder and much wiser. Even at 70, he is a hard man to bet against.

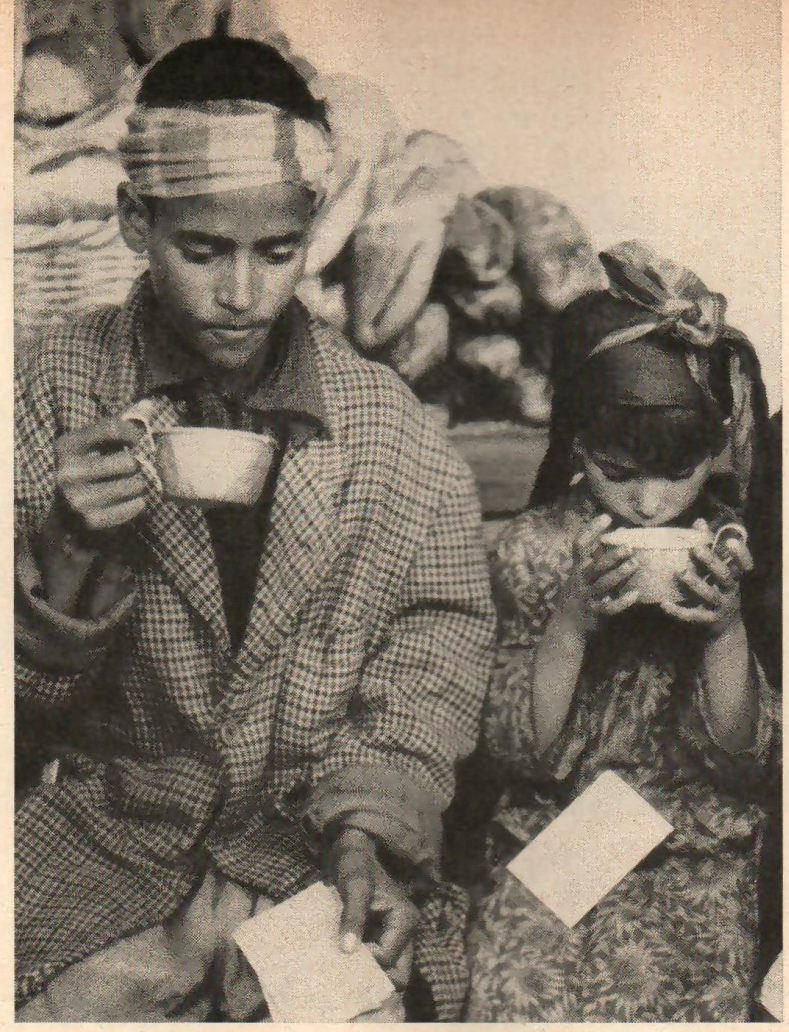
ALGERIA

THE INNOCENT VICTIMS

More than 275,000 refugees have fled from the Algerian war. They are wretched, always hungry. Some watch their children die. They are beyond tears.



Algerian boys in a Tunisian camp hungrily eat their only meal of the day—a bowl of "soup" and hunk of bread. For the story of these refugees, see the next five pages.



Guarding their ration cards, Mohamed and his six-year-old sister Tounis sip hot milk in children's feeding center.

A family's suffering is forgotten in the struggle

MOHAMED QUERARIA, a bright, handsome boy of 15, waits in a long line of children for his only meal of the day. He will be given a tin cup of hot milk, a hunk of bread and a bowl of "soup" consisting of hot water, a ladleful of yellow peas and a spoonful of cod-liver oil. Except for hunks of bread, he will go hungry until tomorrow. At night, Mohamed huddles on an old blanket spread on the earth floor of the mud-and-sticks hovel that has been his family's home for more than a year. His days are empty. There is no school, no work, no hospital to treat the undiagnosed pain in his kidneys.

Mohamed is one of the forgotten victims of the war that has ripped Algeria with hate and death for six years. More than 275,000 Algerians have been driven from their homes and have fled into neighboring Tunisia and Morocco. Eighty per cent of these refugees are women and children. Another million Algerians have been uprooted and moved within their own country.

The war forced Mohamed's family out of their home in the Algerian town of Souk-Ahras, where his father was a laborer, more than three years ago. These have been tragic years. Fleeing by road, they were strafed by French planes; a son and a daughter were killed. Mohamed's father first settled the family just across the border at Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef, in Tunisia. In February, 1958, this tiny village was bombed by the French. With their refugee companions, the Querarias then walked 20 miles across the mountains to Touiref, where they exist now in one of the many mud *gourbis* plastered on a barren hillside swept by snow and rain.

Fiercely protective, Mohamed's mother clutches her six-month-old twin sons. Naji, on left, is desperately ill. At her shoulder, Mohamed's father stands impassively.

Produced by J. ROBERT MOSKIN

Photographed by JOHN VACHON

Hazarding a smile, Mohamed takes borrowed burro to collect twigs for firewood and to bring water to his family. Touiref camp is located at abandoned lead mine that has a well nearby. Mohamed is dressed entirely in cast-off clothes; his oversized jacket came originally from a store in Montreal.

continued

Men of Touiref approach to plead with representative of the provincial governor for more medical care for their sick children. Mohamed's father walks at far left.

American wheat and milk help keep these pitiful people alive

Once a month, Mohamed and his father collect the family's food ration: about 26 pounds of wheat for each person, some rice and small amounts of cooking oil, sugar and dried vegetables. For each of the twins, they also get three cans of condensed milk. They use up the rice and oil in the first three days and then exist on the wheat that is left.

The office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, responsible for the refugees' survival, tries to see that they receive 1,540 calories a day. No one thinks their diet is healthful; there is much sickness. Knowing that poverty-stricken Tunisia wants the refugees to leave when peace is secured, a U.N. official on the scene says, "We want to take care of them, but not so much above their own standard of living that they will want to stay here and become a burden."

The UNHCR has found it extremely difficult to raise the $7 million budget it needs. It has been handicapped by France's sensitivity and by the Communists' preference for making their contributions through the Algerian rebels. The Communist countries (except for Yugoslavia) refuse to support the UNHCR, but many nations have helped. The U.S. has spent $8 million to send commodities, mostly surplus wheat and powdered milk, and given $1.7 million to the UNHCR. Voluntary agencies, especially the American Friends Service Committee, have sent clothing, blankets and medicines. Bechir Bellagha, able governor of Le Kef province, in which Touiref is situated, has 53,000 refugees to care for. He says of the American contribution, "It would not have been possible to keep them here without this aid."

A high official at the American Embassy in Tunis adds, "All that the refugees know is that the French have used American bombs and planes to kill. We need to make it clear we are not in favor of genocide. What has kept these people alive is American wheat. If American wheat stopped, the Red Cross stopped and the Quakers stopped, these people would be dead."

The Queraria family, clustered in front of their gourbi *(below), have nothing to do each day except to go through the pathetic motions of survival—standing in line for handouts, fetching water and wood and idly talking. Because so many Tunisians are unemployed, there is no work for the refugees. At left, Mohamed leads Tounis away from the day's big moment, her one meal, still nibbling at her bread ration. This milk center feeds more than 800 children. In pensive moments, as at right, Mohamed remembers when he lived in a real house in Souk-Ahras, ate decent meals and went to school. The suffering he has seen makes him want to become a doctor and help his people. He has not yet realized how remote is the chance that he will fulfill his dream.*

continued

Refugee children wait quietly in line for their only meal of the day at Touirej. This portrait captures their dignity and resignation.

Squabbling behind the scenes makes relief tougher

Even with peace in Algeria, it will be many months before all the refugees can go home. In the meantime, their welfare has been endangered by behind-the-scenes struggles. A U.N. official admits, "In the squabbling, the refugees are forgotten."

One problem is the Tunisian Government's reluctance to permit foreigners direct contact with the refugees. Poor, proud Tunisia has strong feelings of nationalism. It also fears that, if Western relief agencies were allowed in, the door would be opened to the Communists and hostile Egyptians. They could then make trouble among the idle refugees and the 15,000 rebel FLN troops that have been based inside sympathetic Tunisia.

As a result, the League of Red Cross Societies, which handles the U.N.'s aid, is allowed to distribute relief only as far as the provincial capitals. The government has even refused to permit foreign doctors to care for the sick among the refugees.

Last October, the league, which has repeatedly been accused of "monopolistic" practices by other voluntary agencies and the UNHCR, decided it wanted to stop working with the Algerian refugees by July 1. Gen. Alfred M. Gruenther, president of the American Red Cross, made the motion leading to the decision and spoke forcefully for the league's getting out. The official Red Cross position was that it should devote itself only to emergency situations. In January, pressure from the U.N. forced the league to reconsider. It backed down from its July 1 cut-off date and agreed to review its decision this May. Both the U.N. and the U.S. Government have been urging the league to stay on the job.

While this wrangling goes on in New York and Geneva, the hungry refugees on the desolate hillsides wait in appalling misery until they can go home again.

END

"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
July 2, 1921
"3-minute" men
About three minutes' preparation, and the biggest part of your meal is ready to eat—the best part too. Quickly prepared, delightful, wholesome, this splendid food is a favorite in the modern household.
Campbell's Tomato Soup
A puree of luscious red-ripe tomatoes fresh from the vines, daintily prepared in Campbell's famous kitchens, with choice creamery butter, granulated sugar and other savory ingredients. There are many tempting ways to serve it. Order a good supply and keep it handy.
12 cents a can
Campbell's
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND
Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO
SOUP
This ad appeared 39 years ago...
Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO
SOUP

Have you checked the price of Campbell's Tomato Soup lately?

Anyone that goes to the store or pays the bills knows what's happened to prices over the years. That's why we thought you might be interested in this advertisement that ran for Campbell's Tomato Soup on July 2, 1921.

It shows that the price was 12¢ a can. If you have a grocery store advertisement handy—or if your memory is really good, we think you'll be mildly amazed to find that this is just about the same price you pay today . . . same size can, of course.

The same kind of price story—though in varying degree—can be told about the other Campbell's Soups.

Of course, we can't take all the credit. The happy reason that Campbell's has been able to buck the tide of rising prices is partly you, partly the grocer and farmer, and partly us. You, because there are so many more of you these days, and because you seem to like our soups more and more as time goes on. And it's the grocer and farmer, of course, because each has become increasingly efficient . . . the farmer in producing, and the grocer in serving you.

As for us, we just naturally like to make soup. We like to make it as good as we can and bring it to you for as little as we can. And we find ways to do this better as we go along.

This seems like a good time to tell you that we find this a very pleasant relationship, indeed—and we thank you.

- Soups
- Frozen Soups
- Tomato Juice
- Pork & Beans
- V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices
- FRANCO-AMERICAN Products
- SWANSON Products

INTRODUCING A NEW SERIES OF ACTION-PROOF WATCHES

THE SEA KING BY BULOVA

Now—for every man who takes to adventure—a watch that does the same! Every Sea King is waterproof* and actionproof . . . built stem to stern to perform as no all-metal watch can. The Bulova secret? Fine jewels (more than twice as hard as the toughest steel) that protect against wear and assure accuracy. What's more, Sea King precision parts undergo 800 inspections — and the entire movement must pass 5 "time tests" before you get it. To this rugged perfection, add handsome jewelry styling (and the low Bulova price!) and you have America's finest watch value. See the Sea Kings at your authorized Bulova jeweler or other fine stores.

(Above) SEA KING "M" — A handsome 17 jewel watch. Waterproof,* shock-resistant, with unbreakable mainspring. Adjustable expansion band. $65.00.†

This is the clean-cut SEA KING "A" — 17 jewels; waterproof,* shock-resistant. Unbreakable mainspring. Rich-looking leather strap. $39.75.†

Trim SEA KING "D" — 17 jewels, rugged stainless steel. Luminous dial and hands, unbreakable mainspring. Handsome adjustable expansion band. $49.50.†

SEA KING "J" — Magnificent 17 jewel watch. Shock-resistant, waterproof.* Luminous dial and hands. Sweep second hand. $52.50.† Also available with white dial.

The handsome 17 jewel SEA KING "K"—Tough stainless steel, with unbreakable mainspring. Sweep second hand, adjustable expansion band. $59.50.†

SEA KING "L"—This dashing 17 jewel watch: waterproof,* shock-resistant, with luminous dial and hands. Unbreakable mainspring. $59.50.†

WATCH WITH ALL-METAL WORKS (left) — may look good on the outside. But metal bearings and rougher parts mean short life and inaccuracy.

BULOVA JEWELED MOVEMENT (right)—Fine jeweled bearings plus 120 precision-finished parts assure many years of accuracy.

THE WATCH WITH
THE BULOVA SECRET—
MADE FOR TODAY'S
MAN OF ACTION—
PRICED AS LOW AS 39.75

AMERICA DEPENDS ON BULOVA TIME

*When case, crystal and crown are intact. Certified waterproof by the United States Testing Co., Inc.

†Plus F.E.T. Bulova watches are priced from 24.75 to 2500. ©1961 Bulova Watch Co., Inc., New York, Toronto, Bienne, Milan.

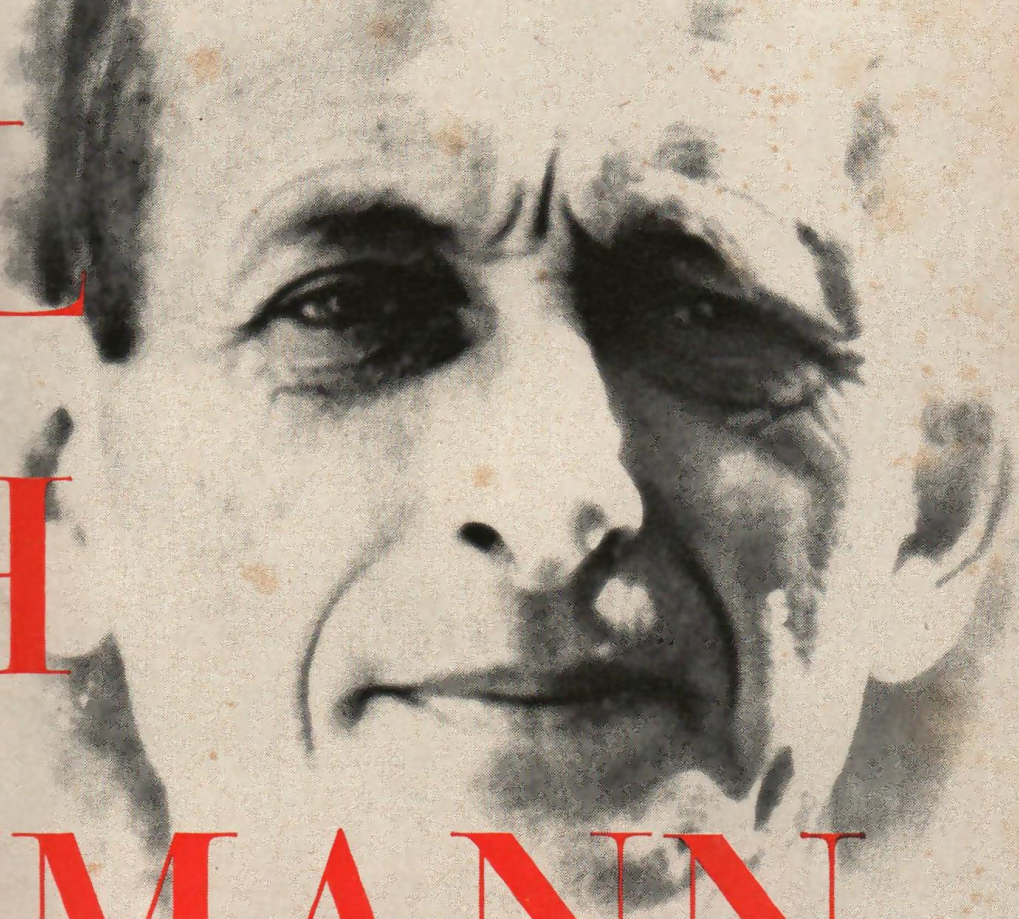
Salem refreshes your taste
—"air-softens" every puff

Take a puff... it's Springtime! Somewhere there's a place you love especially well in springtime . . . perhaps a place of hillside and valley like this. You'll think of this place when you try a Salem cigarette, so soft, so gentle, so refreshing is its smoke. Yes, Salem is the most refreshing cigarette of all. Special High Porosity paper "air-softens" every puff. Fine tobaccos add their own richness to Salem's taste, too. Smoke refreshed . . . smoke Salem!

- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

A DEAL WITH EICHMANN



A secret F.D.R. envoy tells how he helped save thousands of Jews

Since 1943, American businessman Ira Hirschmann (right) has been a do-it-yourself diplomat. Without red tape or protocol, he has helped thousands of refugees to a new life. This is the story of Hirschmann's most bizarre experience.

By IRA HIRSCHMANN

ADOLF EICHMANN today stands before an Israeli tribunal in judgment for unspeakable crimes against humanity. I am in Jerusalem observing his trial. I have been awaiting this event for 17 years, ever since his cynical offer to trade a million Jewish lives for 10,000 trucks was made to an American representing President Franklin D. Roosevelt. I was that American.

It was the spring of 1944, and the war was roaring to its climax. As a special volunteer envoy working with the War Refugee Board, I was in Washington, reporting to Secretary of State Cordell Hull on the first phase of a major rescue mission I had just completed in the Middle East. I had been able to open clandestine negotiations with certain of Adolf Hitler's satellite Balkan ambassadors, in preparation for what would soon be a bridge of rescue ships transporting refugees from Europe to Turkey. These activities were based on President Roosevelt's emergency order to ". . . rescue victims of fascism and Nazism, whoever and wherever they may be."

I had requested six weeks' leave from my duties as a New York department-store executive to complete this mission, and it had already taken me four months. Still I could not return to work. "There are urgent reasons for you to go back to Turkey immediately," I was told. Moments later, I was being whisked to the White House for special instructions from Roosevelt himself.

The President had just received a cable from our ambassador in Turkey. It reported that two men, alleged Nazi agents from Hungary carrying German passports, had been flown on a German courier plane from Vienna to Istanbul. They carried an offer from Adolf Eichmann, S.S. colonel in charge of the Gestapo's Bureau for Jewish Affairs, to exchange the lives of Jews for trucks. The British, who controlled the Middle East theater of war, were opposed to opening negotiations through these agents.

But Roosevelt saw it differently. He sensed an opening through which lives might be saved, as well as a possible means of securing valuable military intelligence. "Fly to Turkey immediately," he told me. "Interview these agents and report back to Washington." He asked what I would need to carry out my assignment, and I requested a letter indicating his personal interest in my mission. It was promptly dictated and later proved to be an invaluable link in the chain of events tying me to Adolf Eichmann.

As I left his office, Roosevelt said, "Remember, keep talking! Lives are at stake. While you talk, these people still have a chance to live."

The trip to Turkey was arduous and complicated, requiring a series of short hops after the big jump across the Atlantic. Alone for those six days, I dwelt on the nature of my new assignment and on the prodigious responsibility of being the

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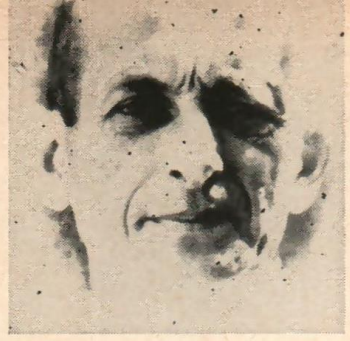


The British, fearing a trap, tried to stall the talks

first U. S. envoy to deal with Germany since we entered the war. I had reason for apprehension; there was nothing in my training as vice-president of Bloomingdale's department store in New York to prepare me for the espionage, intrigue and fast diplomatic footwork I knew was waiting for me.

Landing at Ankara, I sped directly to the U.S. Embassy to see Ambassador Laurence A. Steinhardt. I told him of my orders and asked him to arrange an interview with the two agents as quickly as possible. I wanted to check their credentials, to size them up, to ferret out as much information as I could, and, most important, to "keep talking."

Unexpected trouble

"But they are out of my jurisdiction," the Ambassador told me. "They went over the border into Syria, which is Allied territory, and the British picked them up."

"Where in Syria?" I asked. "I must interview these men at all costs. We will have to ask the British to return them to Turkey, or I shall have to go after them."

The next day, we met at our Embassy with the British Minister, Sterndale Bennett. After persistent pressure, Bennett finally admitted that the two agents I was after had been taken to Cairo by British intelligence agents and that the entire matter had been placed in the hands of Lord Moyne, Deputy Minister of State in the Middle East.

Two days later, in Cairo's 120-degree heat, I was still struggling with British resistance to my mission. After much prodding of our Minister, S. Pinkney Tuck, who was extremely reluctant "to buck the British," I was finally escorted to Lord Moyne's office in the British Embassy.

Moyne spoke for 20 minutes, without committing himself to anything. He reiterated the position taken by Lord Halifax, British Ambassador to the United States, explaining that Britain would not be involved in any bribery or risk being caught in any "psychological-warfare" trap. Furthermore, the very notion of exchanging money or matériel with the enemy not only was abhorrent to him, but was unacceptable to his government.

Moyne added that his intelligence men had been questioning the two German agents intensively for eight days and that one of them, named Giorgy, had in fact revealed himself to be a double agent, selling goods and information to both sides. Moyne ended his discourse by pressing me to accept an invitation from Sir Anthony Eden, Foreign Minister, to meet with him in London. Moshe Sharett, then a representative of the Jewish Agency, the quasi-official body representing the Jews of Palestine under the British mandate, would be present, and we could discuss the affair in greater detail "on the highest level." In fact, a special British military plane was waiting at the Cairo airport to fly Sharett and me to London that afternoon.

I replied that the United States was equally averse to bribing the Nazis and to being caught in any "psychological-warfare" trap. I emphasized, however, that we felt a broad moral responsibility to keep the door open and to listen to anyone who could offer any plan to save human lives.

Since information given me at our consulate in Istanbul had already indicated that the agent named Giorgy was unreliable, I told Lord Moyne that his men could keep him. But I insisted on meeting and talking to the other agent.

Moyne said his intelligence officers had been unable to get much useful information after many days of constant questioning. He asked why I would not go to London, where the talks would be "centralized."

"Why go to London?"

Finally, I turned to Lord Moyne and said, "Mr. Minister, you are here in Cairo. I, a representative of the President of the United States, am here in Cairo. The agents are here in Cairo. Why go to London?"

At that point, I handed him my letter from President Roosevelt. He read it carefully and, turning to his aide, snapped out a series of orders.

That afternoon, at 3 o'clock, I met the other man. He was Joel Brand, a Hungarian Jew negotiating as a Nazi agent.

Brand was a short, stocky man whom I took to be in his middle thirties. He showed signs of extreme tension and great fatigue.

Brand brushed aside my opening amenities. "I have had a very difficult time," he said. "Everyone has been polite, but it is as though I had been put in prison. Still, I can understand it is necessary to keep me away from other people."

I asked him about conditions in Hungary. We had heard shocking accounts of how the Germans had taken over the country in March, 1944, and overnight had converted this last haven for refugees in Europe into a charnel house.

"It is true," Brand said. "What has been done in Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland over a period of years has been done in Hungary in a few weeks' time: 12,000 of my people are shipped to the camps every day."

"Why did you leave?" I asked.

"Because I had been sent to come here and try to make. . ."

I interrupted. "Who sent you?"

"Two different sources sent me: on the one side, the Nazis, to make a bargain; and on the other, the Jews, to be their emissary."

Eichmann, in his report of the incident, mentions that Brand was "a Hungarian Jew chosen to take a proposal to Jewish leaders in Palestine." The Hungarian Jewish community had nominated Brand to represent them because of his work on the Aid and Salvation Committee, their escape organization.

"Who suggested the idea that you should come here?" I asked. "Where was it suggested?"

"Eichmann called me shortly after the occupation of Hungary. He suggested that I should come with his offer."

In a detailed history of his committee's dealings with S.S. officers,

continued

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

June 8, 1944.

My dear Mr. Hirschmann:

John W. Pehle, the Executive Director of the War Refugee Board, informs me that you are returning to Turkey to continue your work as the Board's representative under the able direction of Ambassador Steinhardt. The great task of mercy which the War Refugee Board is successfully undertaking is of paramount importance and I am confident that Ambassador Steinhardt and you will receive the support of the governments and individuals whose cooperation we are seeking in the interest of humanity.

In this you have our Government's full support and hearty wishes for success. I shall follow the work with great interest.

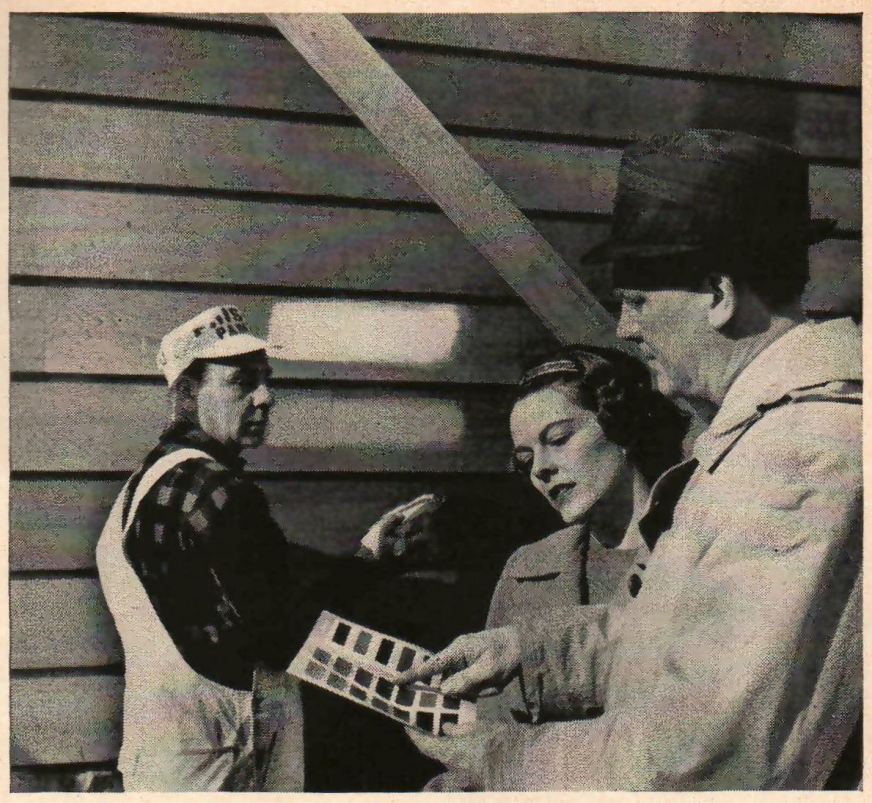
Sincerely yours,

Franklin D. Roosevelt

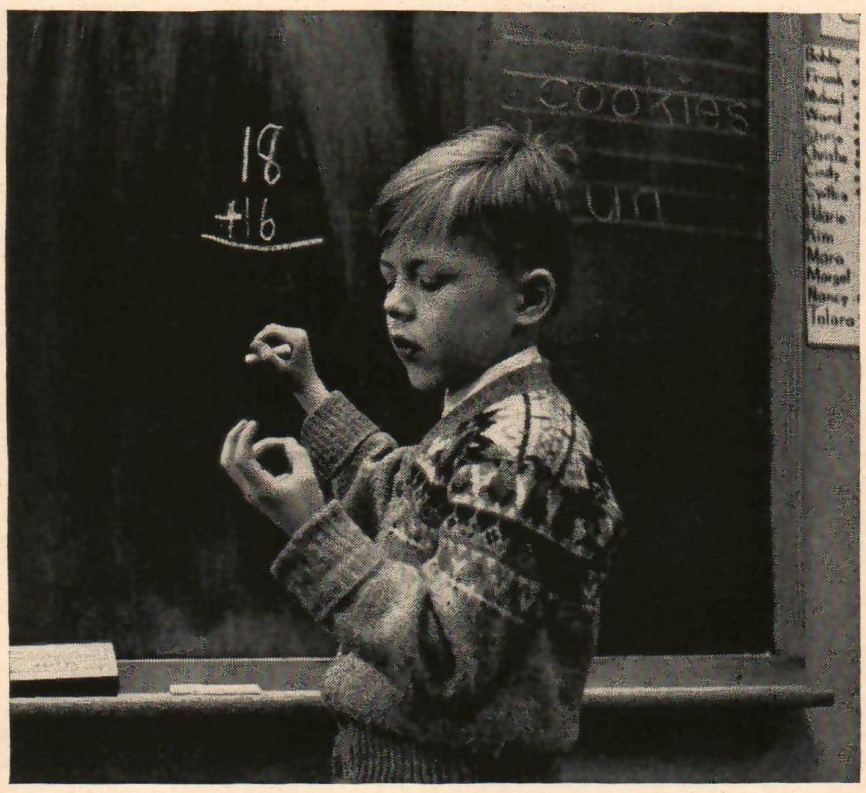
Mr. Ira Hirschmann,
Special Representative,
War Refugee Board,
Washington, D. C.

President Roosevelt's personal letter (above) authorized Hirschmann to begin his "task of mercy." At left, the author visits former concentration-camp inmates freed through his efforts. Following the war, he served as special inspector general for UNRRA.

Big family to clothe. Could your widow foot the bill? A basic MONY policy plus a low-cost 'ADD-ON' could help give her an adequate income until the children are grown.



Big mortgage. Could your widow pay it off? A MONY Mortgage Protection 'ADD-ON' can help guarantee her the money she'd need.



Big education needs. Tuition is high—and growing higher. 'ADD-ON' can help assure your children money for college, in case you die.

IF YOUR LIFE INSURANCE NEEDS ARE BIG (BUT YOUR INCOME ISN'T) MONY'S 'ADD-ON' IS FOR YOU

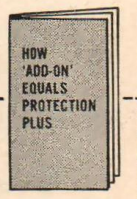
Big responsibilities mean big insurance needs. Yet these responsibilities often take so much of your current income that you find it difficult to get all the life insurance protection you need right now.

MONY's 'ADD-ON' Life Insurance was specially designed for people like you. Here's how it works: You get a basic MONY policy, the kind that builds cash value for you. (There's a discount if the face value is $5,000 or more.) At the same time, you add on low-cost 'ADD-ONs' that can give you the extra protection you need right now at a price you can afford.

You see, 'ADD-ON' gives you the most protection when you need it most, and as some of your insurance needs decline—for example, as your mortgage gets smaller—your insurance protection is gradually decreasing too. That's one reason why the 'ADD-ON' benefits cost so little.

Your helpful MONY man can show you how the 'ADD-ON' idea can give you 4 and often 5 times as much immediate protection as your basic policy provides. And the premium for all this extra protection, in many cases, is less than the premium for the basic policy alone.

Find out how 'ADD-ON' can give you big protection at low cost. Send coupon for free booklet. The Mutual Life Insurance Company Of New York, New York, N.Y.



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Broadway at 55th St., New York 19, N.Y.

Please send me free booklet showing how 'ADD-ON' can give me big protection at low cost.

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Occupation_____

Birth Date_____

MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

LIFE, ACCIDENT & SICKNESS, GROUP INSURANCE, PENSION PLANS • SALES AND SERVICE OFFICES THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES AND IN CANADA

Eichmann had early plans for flight to South America

Brand has since described the main points of Eichmann's blackmail scheme. Brand's story and evidence introduced at the trial of Rudolph Kastner in Israel paint an ugly picture of graft, bribery and extortion practiced by the Nazis in Hungary. They took their loot in money, jewelry and the outright transfer of important business interests.

He was "doing his duty"

Eichmann himself refers to some of these deals, but sanctimoniously attributes his own actions to patriotism. In every sentence of a recently released "confession," he insists that he was always "doing his duty." He speaks of trucks needed for German divisions on the Eastern front, but, as Brand's next words will show, Eichmann had other things on his mind as well.

"What did he suggest to you that he wanted?" I asked.

"The main thing was trucks."

"How many?"

"He said ten thousand, but. . ."

"What else?"

"He only spoke about trucks. He said he would use them only on the Eastern front. Another man who was present—I did not know his name—said I should also ask for coffee, chocolate, tea and soap. Then Eichmann mentioned money—American dollars, Swiss francs and *some South American money.*"

It is interesting to note that Eichmann derided his fellow officers for having made provisions for escape after the inevitable Nazi surrender, while he, according to his own account, intended to fight it out to the end in the mountains of Austria. It would seem that, at least a year before V-E Day, he had given serious thought to the idea of flight—even to his eventual destination.

"Then you felt that you had some basis of an offer to discuss in Istanbul?" I queried.

"Yes, I had, for this reason, some basis. A year ago, the Nazis had already suggested two million dollars as a basis. When I started negotiations, on behalf of the Jewish community, I suggested that the old offer be accepted now."

"Where did you expect to get the money or trucks?" I asked him.

Brand moved forward on his chair. "I thought that, if I could get about one million dollars, not to take with me, but to be paid to my credit somewhere, I would be able to open negotiations. It would not be necessary to return with the actual money or with goods. I had the promise from Eichmann that it would be all right if the offer was accepted. He agreed before I went away that he would make the first move."

"Did you have confidence he would keep his word?"

"My conscience does not give me the right to question," Brand replied. "There was no other way."

With those last words, quietly, resignedly, almost without emotion, Brand had summed up the poignant tragedy of his mission. It was no more than a macabre gamble, by the remnants of a people, that men who would prefer to see them die might permit them to live—if the price was right.

Up to that point, I had not relaxed my guard. All my questions had been aimed at testing Brand's veracity; my reactions were analytical. Suddenly, struck by his display of fatalism, I was moved to say, not unkindly, "Then you are not really convinced that Eichmann will stick to his word?"

"No," Brand said. "There is only one chance. Eichmann needs things. Besides, I know that everyone of them can be bought."

Bargaining with butchers

"Mr. Brand," I asked, "what do you think would happen to the money if it were available? I do not know if it would be available," I hastened to add, "but if it were?"

"There are very many different cliques within the Nazi movement, and there are certain circles who want to make money for themselves. I can imagine them saying quite brutally, 'Well, you had eight million Jews. We have killed more than six million. We will give you the rest if you do not punish us for killing the others.' "

The man's words seemed to ring true, but there was still the matter of his association with the double agent Giorgy. "How does Mr. Giorgy fit into this?" I asked.

For the first time, Brand smiled, sardonically. "His real name is Bandi Gross. He is working for only money. He was not sent by the Jews."

Many months later, I was able to ascertain that what I suspected during our interview was actually true. Brand was trying to tell me that Gross had been sent to keep an eye on him and to report back to Eichmann. Gross represented a threat of reprisal against Brand's family and friends if he did not follow orders to the letter. I was convinced that the British had erred in lumping the two men in the same category.

After some thought, I asked him, "If you were in a position now to ask and to get what you wanted, what would you ask?"

"Nothing," his answer came back quickly. "I only ask permission to offer, not to give. I would go back and ask Eichmann, 'Will you release, as you once promised, a hundred men for one truck? Send the first transport [of Jews] to Spain; then you would get these things.' "

"Do you think that you could get what you want without an offer of trucks or goods, with just money?"

"I do not know. Perhaps I can. The best thing, I think, would be that one, two or three officers, representing Hungary, England and America, should come to a neutral country, and that we should try to bargain with Eichmann. That is my recommendation."

"You feel that if you went back with such a recommendation. . ."

"I believe I could stop persecution—the worst persecution. Up to the week I went away, they had been deporting 12,000 people every day."

"If you were detained here for a long time—though I have no reason to think that you would be—what do you think would happen?"

"I am afraid that my family and friends would be persecuted, in the most terrible way. I fear that there would be mass executions and deportations. If I personally should not be allowed to go back, then at least somebody else should be sent."

"You think it would be necessary to send someone, or could a message be sent?"

"Perhaps a message on the radio or in a letter—it is terrible for me with my family there."

Brand passes the test

I had satisfied myself that I could find no shadow of evidence to support the reservations of the British. Brand was holding up well under the cross fire, but I could see that the strain was telling on him. The interview had been running for at least two hours, with the secretary of Lord Moyne's intelligence chief taking down every word. I decided to take a break and suggested tea.

Seated in an informal circle, which included the British intelligence people as well as myself, Brand relaxed and spoke even more freely. Over the teacups, we gained much valuable information on the movements of certain Nazis in Hungary. This was quickly transcribed, and that night, I telegraphed it to Washington. It, alone, supported President Roosevelt's judgment and his decision to send me to Turkey.

At my conference with Lord Moyne the next day, the atmosphere had changed radically. He had a full report of my interview, was pleased with the disclosures Brand had made to me, and requested that the transcript be sent to London as an official version of Eichmann's proposal. At my insistence, a message was sent to the Germans referring obliquely to the continuing talks. It served to save Brand's wife and family from reprisals.

In my report to Washington, which I drew up in the Embassy in Cairo that evening, I underscored my belief in Brand's integrity. I felt that he had delivered a proposal that might give us the means for saving lives, and I recommended that future talks occur in neutral territory. This recommendation was followed.

Balancing the books

The history of those negotiations is told in full in the final report of the War Refugee Board's executive director, John W. Pehle. Compared with the grim statistics of Eichmann's handiwork—millions dead—the numbers we were able to save may not seem impressive. But the report does include these concrete results from our negotiations:

- Two groups of Jews from Hungary totaling 1,675 persons were taken to Switzerland from the concentration camp at Bergen-Belsen.
- Deportation to Auschwitz of upwards of 200,000 Jews remaining in Budapest in August, 1944, was canceled.
- Transports of some 17,000 Hungarian Jews headed for Auschwitz were diverted to Austria.
- With tacit S.S. agreement, the International Red Cross in Budapest was permitted to shelter 3,000 Jewish children and to distribute foodstuffs and clothing to 7,000 Jews in labor camps in the Vienna region.
- Twelve hundred Jews from the Theresinstadt concentration camp were released to Switzerland.

A pitiful few were saved. But each individual rescue was a defeat for Eichmann's demonic "final solution of the Jewish question."

Eichmann has summed up his life history by proclaiming that he regrets nothing. The leitmotiv of his story was that he was doing his duty, acting on orders. But one of his henchmen, testifying at Nuremberg, quoted Eichmann as saying that ". . . he would leap laughingly into his grave, because the feeling that he had [the lives of millions] on his conscience would be for him a source of extraordinary satisfaction."

There is no revenge in my attitude toward Eichmann, and I am convinced that vengeance is not the motive behind his trial in Israel. No indictment can bring back millions of dead or assuage the conscience of a world that looked the other way. But this episode in human history must be put in proper perspective, for it was a crime not only against the Jews who fell to Eichmann's genocide, but against civilization itself.

END

New Kraft Barbecue Sauce brings real cook-out flavor right indoors!

It's the sauce that simmers real outdoor flavor right into the meat

If you're one of the charcoal chefs who discovered new Kraft Barbecue Sauce last summer, you know what happens once the heat starts that sauce simmering. Those spicy flavors seep right into the meat and keep it good and juicy. And the same wonderful thing happens when you use Kraft Barbecue Sauce indoors–right in your own oven. Try it yourself and see–the saucy sauce made by Kraft with nineteen herbs and spices.

Flower pins

FLOWER JEWELRY IS a fresh and decorative idea for spring. In the pins shown here, the jeweler's art again imitates—even elaborates on—nature. They are: long-stemmed enamel tulip, carnation, daisy with ladybug, sunburst flower (Sandor Goldberger, $6 to $12); many-stoned cornflower (foreground, Schreiner, $11); surrealistic sunflower (Lilly Daché, $35); "gold" carnation (Monet, $7.50); rhinestone petals with "pearl" center (François, $5). Pictured with a "sleeping beauty" in the background, these fantasy flowers evoke the mood of an enchanted garden.

LOOK *comments:* *Don't wear flower pins in bunches; pick one blossom at a time.*

END

COME TO THE OASIS... the only filter cigarette that's

OASIS *COOL*
OASIS *MILD*
OASIS *FRESH*

The cool, green OASIS on every pack promise you the softest taste of all

Menthol Misting makes it so!

Just as the mist of morning dew refreshes a flower –
keeps it fresh all day – so OASIS mists and gently penetrates
each strand of mild, ripe tobacco with menthol.
The tobacco is soothed for the softest taste of all.
The tobacco's refreshed – so you smoke refreshed all day.
Menthol misting makes it so. Come to the OASIS...

REMEMBER... MENTHOL MIST SOOTHES THE TOBACCO FOR THE SOFTEST TASTE OF ALL!

© Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

THE SARDINE IS a delicious fiction. It is actually the collective name for a variety of soft-boned fish caught in a variety of waters and packed in a variety of ways. In Mediterranean and Portuguese waters, it is the pilchard that becomes the sardine; in Norway, the brisling or sprat. In the U. S., Maine sardines (née infant alewives and herrings) are a giant industry—the top canned-fish business in New England, almost twice as large as Maine's lobster trade. California's sardine (pilchard) industry has even provided literary inspiration; it supplied much of the color and flavor of John Steinbeck's *Cannery Row*. Shown, with fitting accompaniments, are silvery examples of Portuguese, Norwegian and Maine sardines.

Whatever their origin, the fish are called sardines when tinned because the islanders of Sardinia first prepared them in this way. Today, most varieties are packed in many different oils and sauces—including olive, soybean, fish and mustard. Some are smoked, as in Norway, over oak fires. Sardines are high in protein and calcium. Their oils and those they come in are unsaturated, a boon to the cholesterol-conscious.

Because the basic species are the commonest fish in the North Atlantic, sardines are one of the world's most inexpensive delicacies. As a food, their versatility is so endless that we have been obliged to pack suggestions for serving them into the column opposite as tight as you-know-what in a can.

What are

SARDINES?

There are no such fish—
yet they
play a big role
in adding
flavor and nourishment
to meals

Sardines, one of America's favorite snacks, may also be the basis of breakfast, lunch and dinner dishes. Use drained sardines and add salt, pepper and lemon juice to enhance their flavor.

Appetizers: Spread sardines with mustard; wrap in bacon and broil, *or* batter-dip and French-fry. Fry in small amount own oil with cut cloves garlic; serve on toast with sharp cheese. Put in halved avocado with sliced radishes, *or* serve on lettuce with pimentos and capers; serve both with vinaigrette sauce. Mix with hard-cooked egg yolks; proceed as for deviled eggs. Marinate 2 days in sliced onions, garlic, bay leaf, orégano, equal parts oil, vinegar.

Eggs: Heat sardines in small amount own oil; add eggs, fry sunny side up, scramble or bake. Cut and add to omelets, soufflé bases, scalloped or creamed dishes. (May flavor eggs with onions, parsley, herbs, wine, etc.) Brown in own oil with onions; add canned tomatoes, herbs, eggs and poach.

Main Dishes: Add sardines to baked potatoes with sour cream, chives. Mash, add to tomatoes with small amount own oil, bread crumbs, peas or broccoli, dry white wine; bake. Layer in scalloped potatoes; add thyme. Chop and add to cheese or rice stuffings; fill green peppers or mushroom caps and bake. Add to chopped steak with capers, diced beets, blue cheese; broil. Add to top of broiled fillet of beef, with chopped parsley. Broil; serve with fried apples or onion rings. Brown in own oil with onions, garlic, parsley; proceed as for tomato spaghetti sauce. Serve with noodles, sour cream, or layer in casserole with bread crumbs, mild cheese; bake. Chop, add to succotash casseroles.

Salads: Add cut sardines to potato salad. Serve on lettuce with slices of cucumber, tomato, pickled beets, cheese, hard-cooked egg, cottage cheese or sour cream. Mash, add to sour-cream or mayonnaise-base salad dressings. Cut, add to Caesar salad in place of anchovies.

Sandwiches: Use sardines in hero sandwiches. Serve on whole-wheat with mustard relish, lettuce. Broil with bacon; melt cheese on top and serve on pumpernickel. Hide in cheeseburger or hamburger; broil and top with hot sauce.

END

PRODUCED BY MARILYN KAYTOR

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALAN FONTAINE

Moments of Magic

TREASURED IN DIAMOND FLAMES

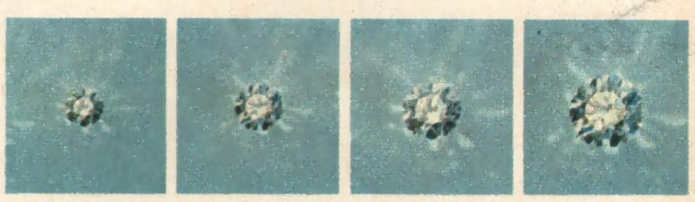
De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

Engagement walk... Collage created for the De Beers Collection by William Harris

Made magical by love and joy and hope, your engagement is a brief and lovely interlude that comes but once. And telling of your marriage promise, your engagement diamond shines on every memoried moment. This bright flaming gem, born of earth, will blaze for you through time and change, recalling your happiness, recording the story of your life and love.

Your ring-stone may be modest in cost, but it should be chosen with care, for it will be cherished always, by you and generations yet to be.

HOW TO BUY A DIAMOND First, and most important, consult a trusted jeweler. Ask about color, clarity and cutting—for these determine a diamond's quality, contribute to its beauty and value. Choose a fine stone, and you'll always be proud of it, no matter what its size. Diamond sizes are measured by weight, in points and carats—100 points to the carat. (Exact weights shown are seldom found.) For your guidance, price ranges given below are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in January, 1961. Note that prices vary widely according to qualities offered. Tax is additional.



25 points (¼ carat) $65 to $320 | 50 points (½ carat) $160 to $525 | 1 carat (100 points) $450 to $1590 | 2 carats (200 points) $1025 to $4200

A diamond is forever

AMERICA'S BIGGEST BULB GARDEN

Spectacular plantings of one and a half million tulip, daffodil, hyacinth and other bulbs have made Sterling Forest Gardens the biggest and most impressive bulb garden in the U. S. Located north of New York City, the 125-acre display is part of a scenic 30-square-mile community devoted to homes, research and engineering centers. The Keukenhof bulb plantings in the Netherlands inspired the gardens—designed by Dutch and U.S. landscape architects with a natural background of trees, flowering shrubs and ferns. Opened last year, Sterling Forest Gardens made a hit with over 180,000 green-thumbers and just plain flower watchers. Recently, the grounds reopened to an even more brilliant spring show of bulbs. It will be followed by roses in summer and chrysanthemums in the fall.

Hexagonal plantings of showy Triumph tulips form the gardens' center. Tulips have two names: One denotes class; the other, variety. Pictured below are 12 Triumph-class varieties. At right is the flower-and-bird symbol of Sterling Forest Gardens.

PRODUCED BY JOHN PETER PHOTOGRAPHED BY HIRO

continued

Darwin and Triumph tulips

blanket the floor of Sterling Forest Gardens. Darwin-class tulips are tall and single-flowered. Triumphs also have single flowers, but they seldom reach more than 20 inches in height. Tulips, originally cultivated in the Middle East, came to Europe in the 16th century, to Colonial America in 1725.

General Eisenhower variety

(center), a tulip from the new Darwin-hybrid class, is a vivid orange red. Tulips of this particular class have a large flower on a strong stem, normally grow to a height of 22 to 28 inches.

Sculptured bronze sundial by Paul Manship greets visitors to the Flower Meadow. Only part of this giant sculpture, entitled "Time and the Fates," is shown in the picture above.

More than 60 tulip varieties drawn from Parrot, Darwin and Triumph classes are included in the photograph below. Extensively hybridized over the years, tulips today number some 3,000 known varieties. Eight hundred of them, including all shown on these pages, are available commercially to home gardeners all over the world.

continued

Aristocrats of the bird world strut in their sanctuary at Sterling Forest Gardens. The flamingos above are part of a flock of 30 pairs, varying in hues of pink from deep coral to almost white. In all, the gardens are a haven for over 400 exotic birds.

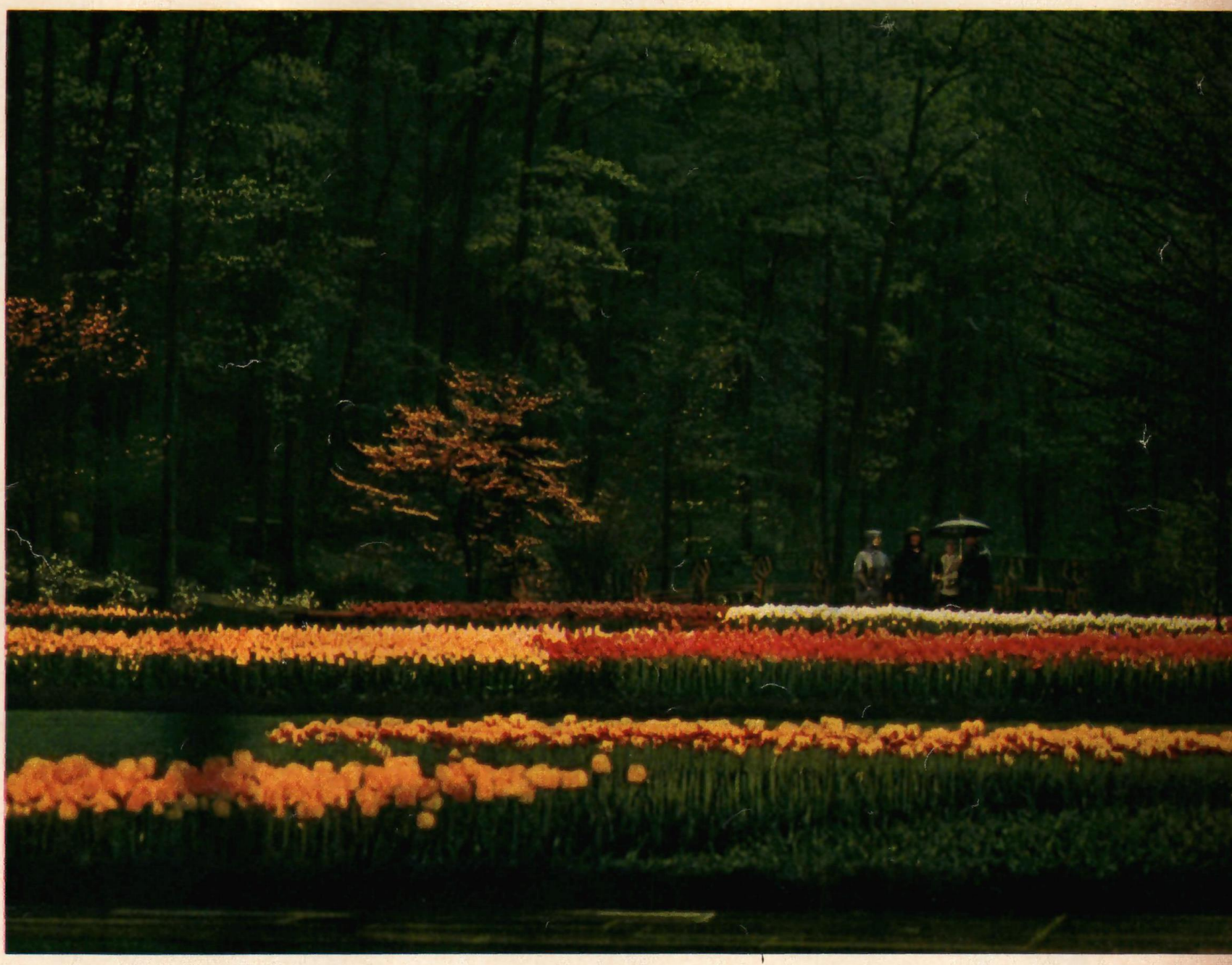
An elegant demoiselle crane, known for its graceful carriage and haughty demeanor, moves with stately tread through brilliantly colored tulip beds. The slightest breeze will set the gardens in motion, giving the bulb plantings an extra visual delight.

Rembrandt-variety daffodils

banked on a hillside, plus a poised peacock, give the impression of a medieval tapestry. In spite of their delicate appearance, these Trumpet-class daffodils are quite hardy and adaptable. They will thrive in sun or shade, in rough grass or under trees. They are particularly effective planted in clusters. Like all spring-flowering bulbs, daffodils are planted in the autumn before the ground freezes. For continued vigorous growth, it is advisable to give them a little plant food in the early spring.

Sun and showers add sparkle

to the beds of tulips below. Tulips generally bloom for 10 weeks in the spring. The exact time and length of blooming depend upon local climate conditions.



END

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PHOTOQUIZ

IN THE FICKLE WORLD of entertainment, new faces are constantly replacing the old. Here are new personalities of TV and movies. Using the list below, can you name them? Score 10 for each correct identification. A score of 60 is passing, 70 is good, and 80 or more, excellent. ANSWERS ON PAGE 80.

A *Yvette Mimieux*
B *Kathy Nolan*
C *Janet Munro*
D *June Blair*
E *Dorothy Provine*
F *Jo Morrow*
G *Pippa Scott*
H *Abby Dalton*
I *Linda Cristal*
J *Vicki Trickett*

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

Photoquiz—Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Canada.

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SHASTA

Old Fashioned

SHASTA

SHASTA

Sparkling

SHASTA

Sparkling

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61

HAVE ONE ON US!

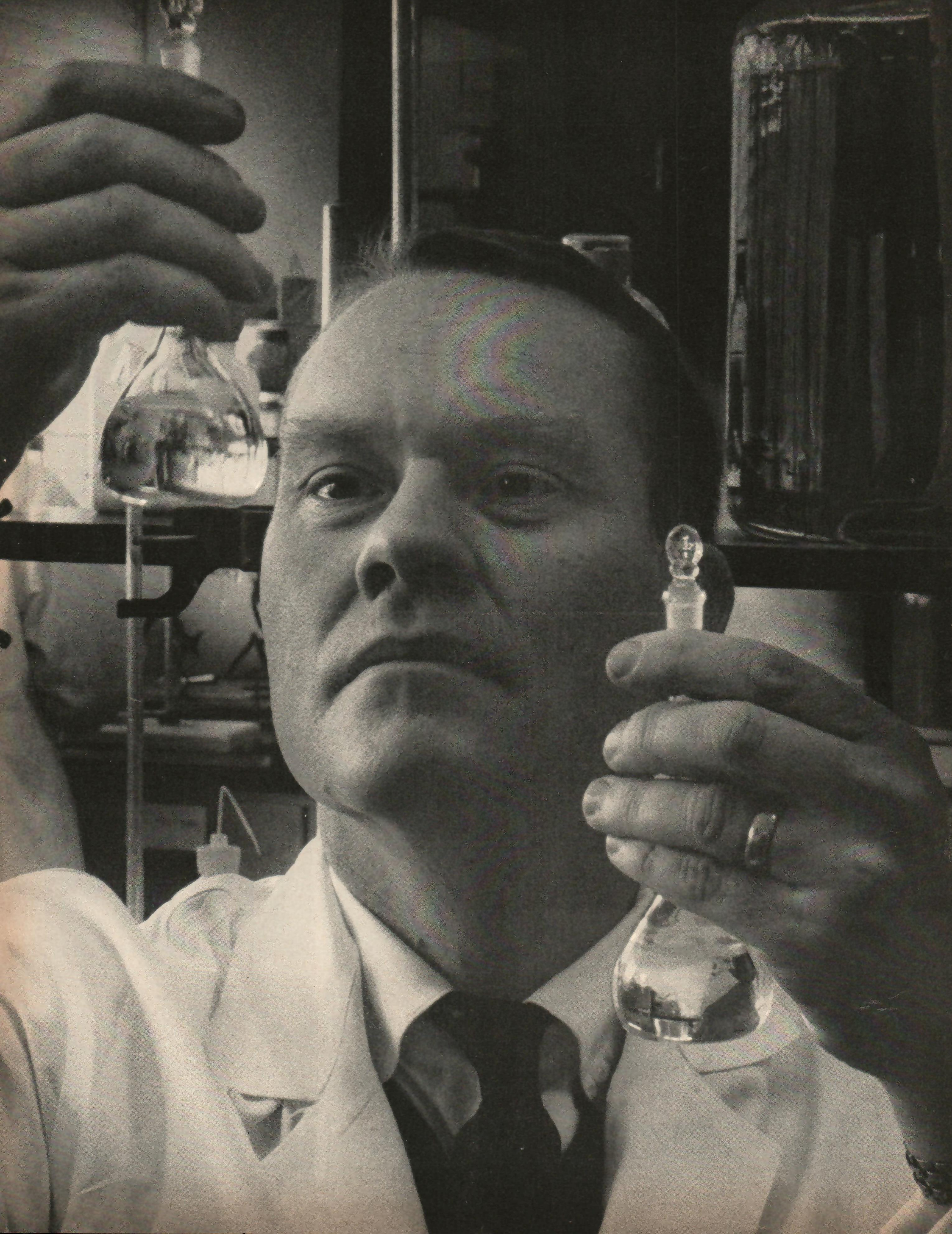
VOID AFTER AUGUST 31, 1961

FREE

WITH THIS COUPON A CAN OF SHASTA

TO DEALER: This coupon will be redeemed for your retail price of one can of Shasta, plus 2c for handling, provided you and your customer have complied with all terms of this offer. Invoices proving purchases of sufficient stock to cover coupons presented for redemption must be shown upon request. Coupon is not transferable, nor assignable. The customer must pay any sales tax. Offer void in any locality where prohibited, taxed or licensed. Misuse constitutes fraud. Cash value 1/20 of 1¢. To secure prompt payment, mail to: Coupon Redemption Service, Bank of America, P. O. Box 3509, San Francisco 20, Calif.

TAKE ME TO YOUR GROCER!



$1¼ billion investment for your car

New research, new refineries, new "Flying A" stations. All are part of Tidewater's big expansion program. All mean better care for your car.

Is it worth spending $1¼ billion to serve customers better? Tidewater believes so.

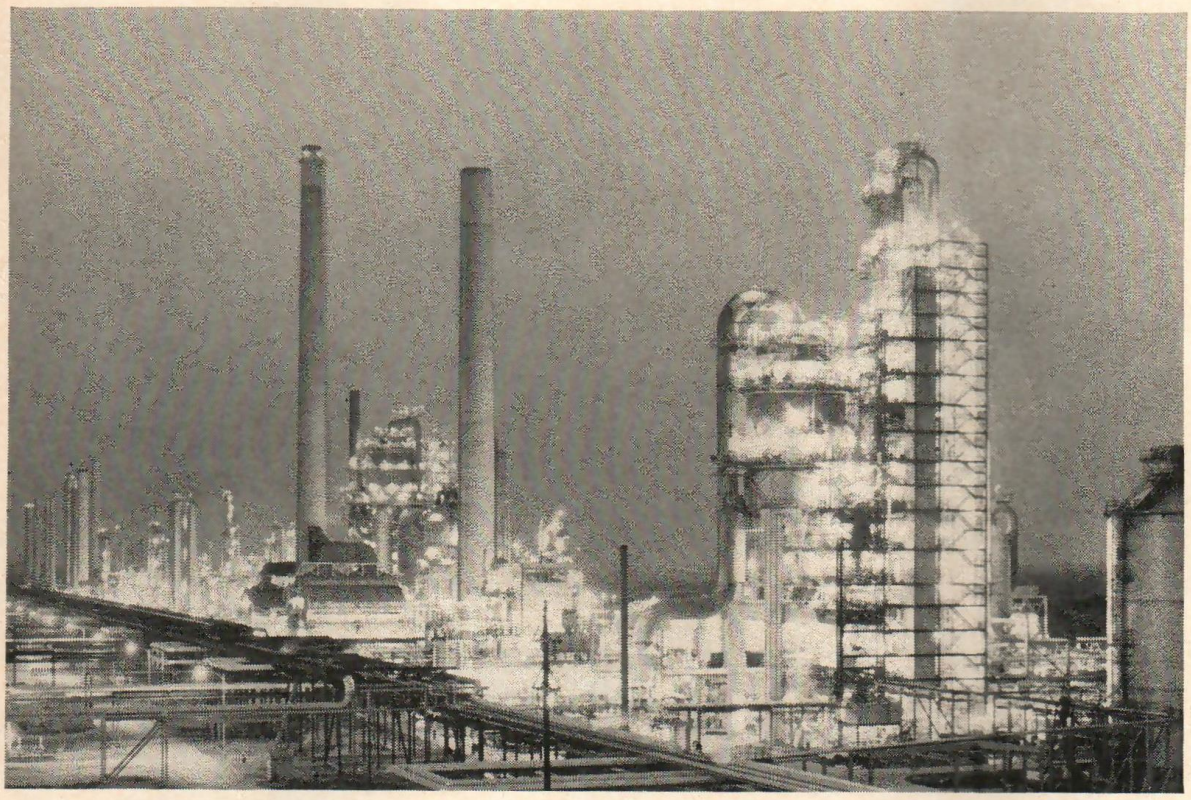
Included in this big investment are new refining facilities, huge new supertankers, hundreds of new Flying A stations. They all add up to things *you'll* like: better service and better products at the pump island.

For example, many motorists believe that gasolines are "all alike." But to create some real *differences* in quality and performance, Tidewater put 320 million dollars into building the most advanced refineries on both coasts. Then more millions were invested in some very determined product research.

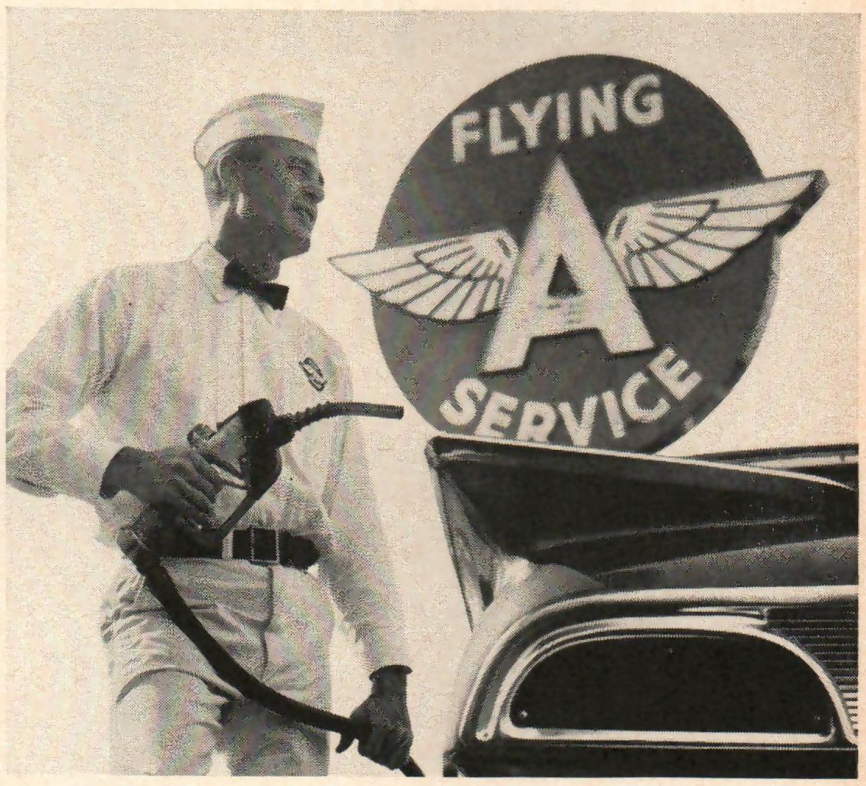
Results: (1) For three years in a row, Flying A has been the octane leader in both premium and regular. (2) Flying A burns clean—refined two steps further than other gasolines by the exclusive Udex Process. (3) Flying A has the best anti-knock protection ever developed, from DuPont and Ethyl.

Tidewater is making more advances on other fronts. Drilling for oil from Canada to Pakistan. Building Denmark's first refinery. Expanding its markets in 82 countries around the world.

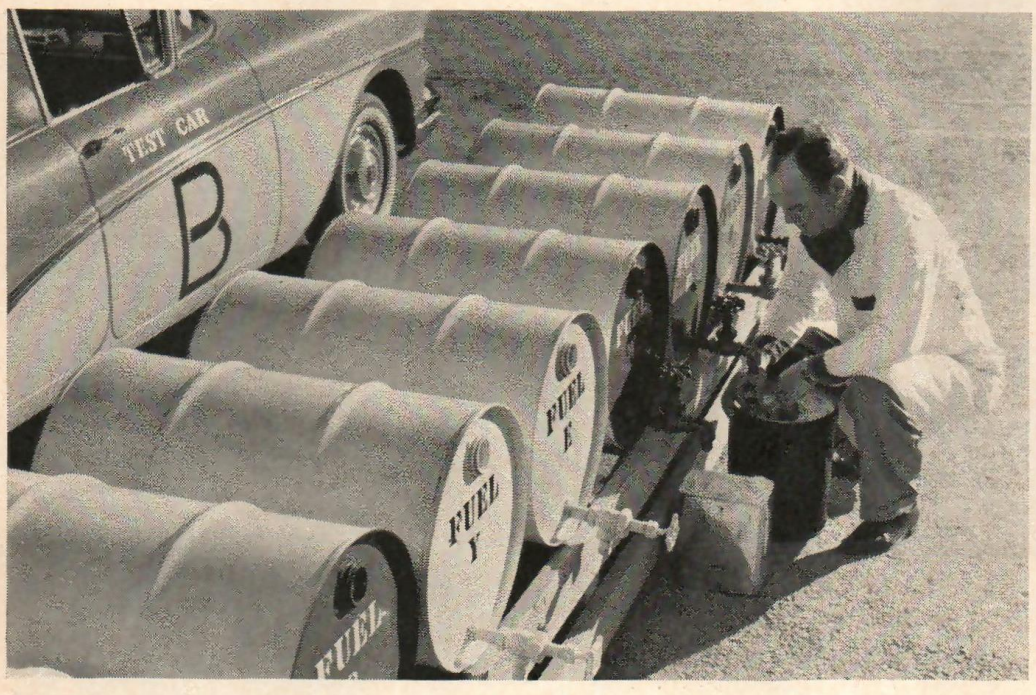
Tidewater's alert, experienced people have made their company one of the fastest-growing in the industry. They have the facilities and abilities to give your car the very best care. See for yourself—at the big red sign of the Flying A.



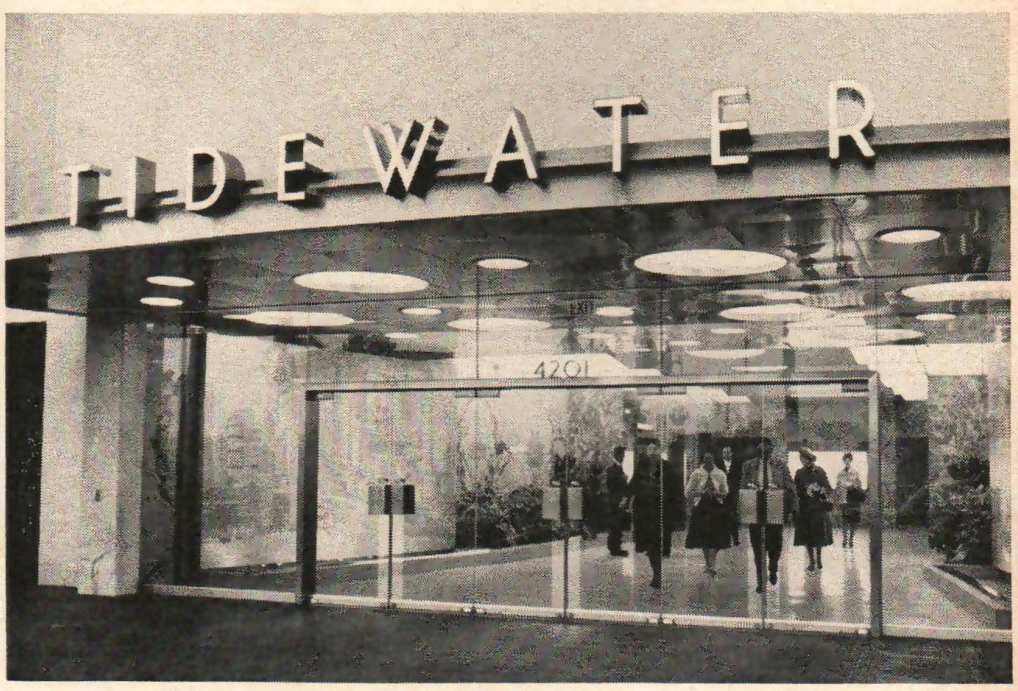
THE MOST ADVANCED REFINERIES, East and West, are Tidewater's. Above is the giant Delaware plant with a "cat cracker" 25 stories high. Flying A gasoline produced here is superior three ways: it's highest in octane, it's refined to burn clean, and it has the best possible anti-knock protection.



HUNDREDS OF NEW STATIONS wear the big red sign of the Flying A. Among their quality products: Veedol, the world's most famous motor oil; and Flying A Air Wing Tires, which stop faster and last longer.



CONSTANT ROAD TESTING proves that high-octane Flying A gives greater power and top mileage. Testing is done by Tidewater's Automotive Research Laboratory under all kinds of conditions: in frigid and tropical weather, mountain to sea-level altitudes.



NEW WORLD HEADQUARTERS is a handsome block-long building on Wilshire Blvd. in Los Angeles. Throughout 82 countries, Tidewater is building, growing, expanding. This $1¼ billion program assures the very finest products and services for you.

Drive in at Tidewater's sign of quality—Flying A

MOVIE REVIEW

A RAISIN IN THE SUN

AS A PLAY, *A Raisin in the Sun*, the first work of young Lorraine Hansberry, won the New York Drama Critics Circle Award in 1959 and has already been performed in 20 countries as a modern American classic. Now, Columbia Pictures has filmed this witty and provocative play about a Negro family in Chicago, intact with its original Broadway cast. Playwright Hansberry's most original achievement in *A Raisin in the Sun* is that she offers a fresh-air view of Negro life in America, in telling her sad and funny story of a family that suddenly has $10,000 to spend. One sees her people as fascinating and recognizable human beings, with dreams and frustrations, a volatile range of emotions and a swift stream of humor. Only incidentally do they happen to be Negroes.

Walter Lee Younger (Sidney Poitier) calls himself "a giant surrounded by ants," when the "backward" women of his family oppose his dream of investing his mother's insurance money in a liquor store.

When Walter loses most of the money, his mother (Claudia McNeil) cries out in agony (left). But she has made a small down payment on a house in a white neighborhood, and the family goes to visit it (above). "You call this security?" asks Walter.

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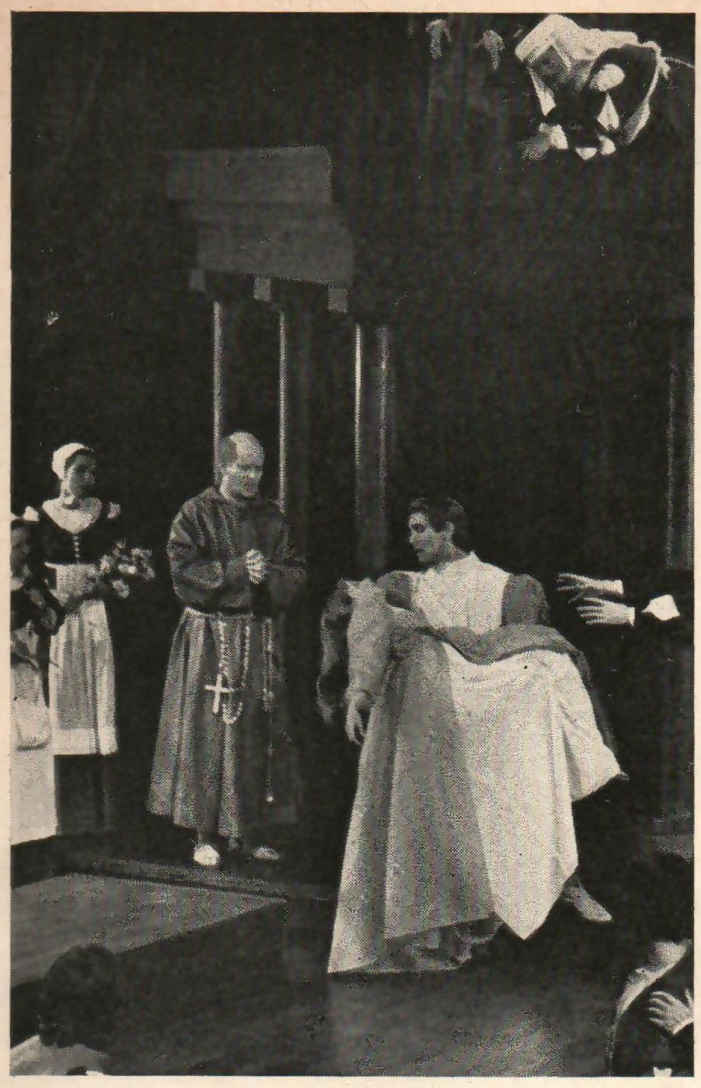
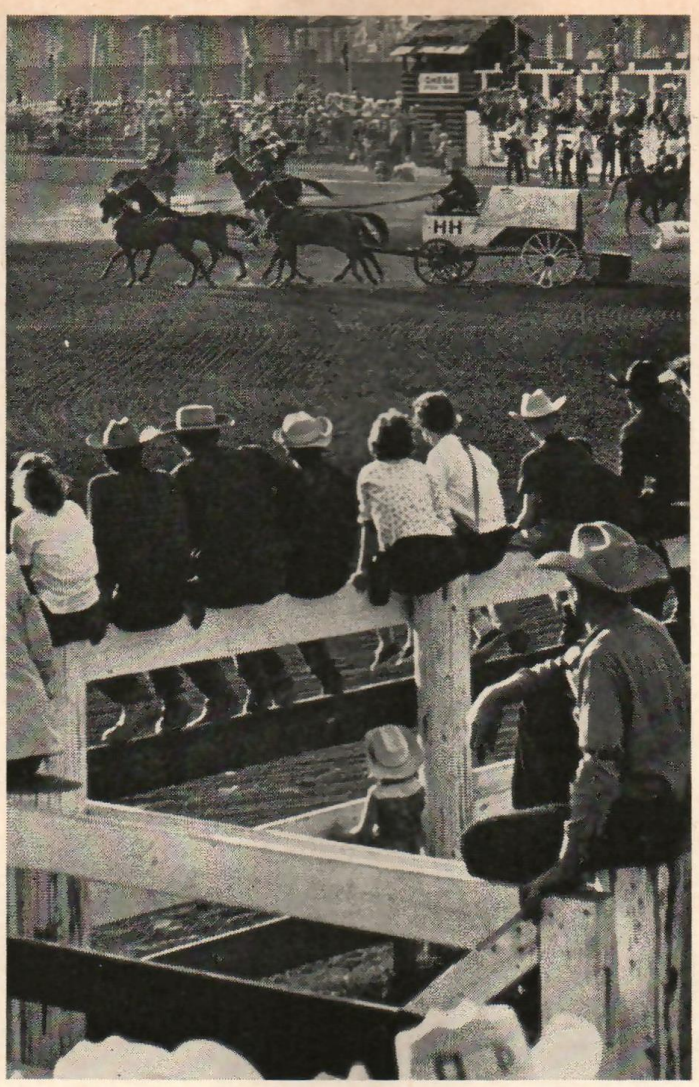


Shakespeare at Canada's Stratford Festival



The Chuckwagon race, Calgary Stampede

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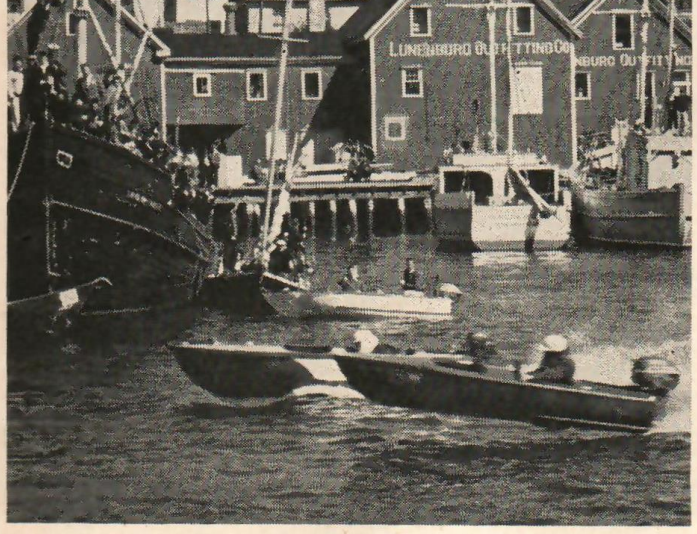
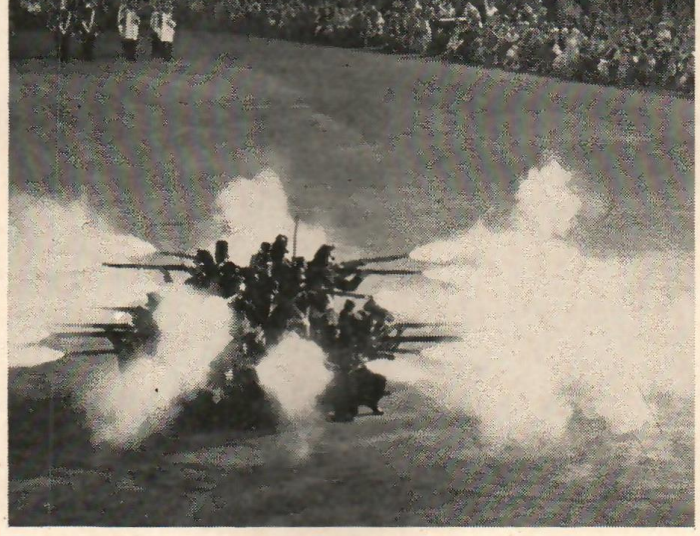


Speed boat racing at Lunenburg, Nova Scotia



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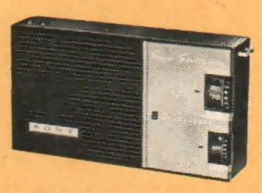

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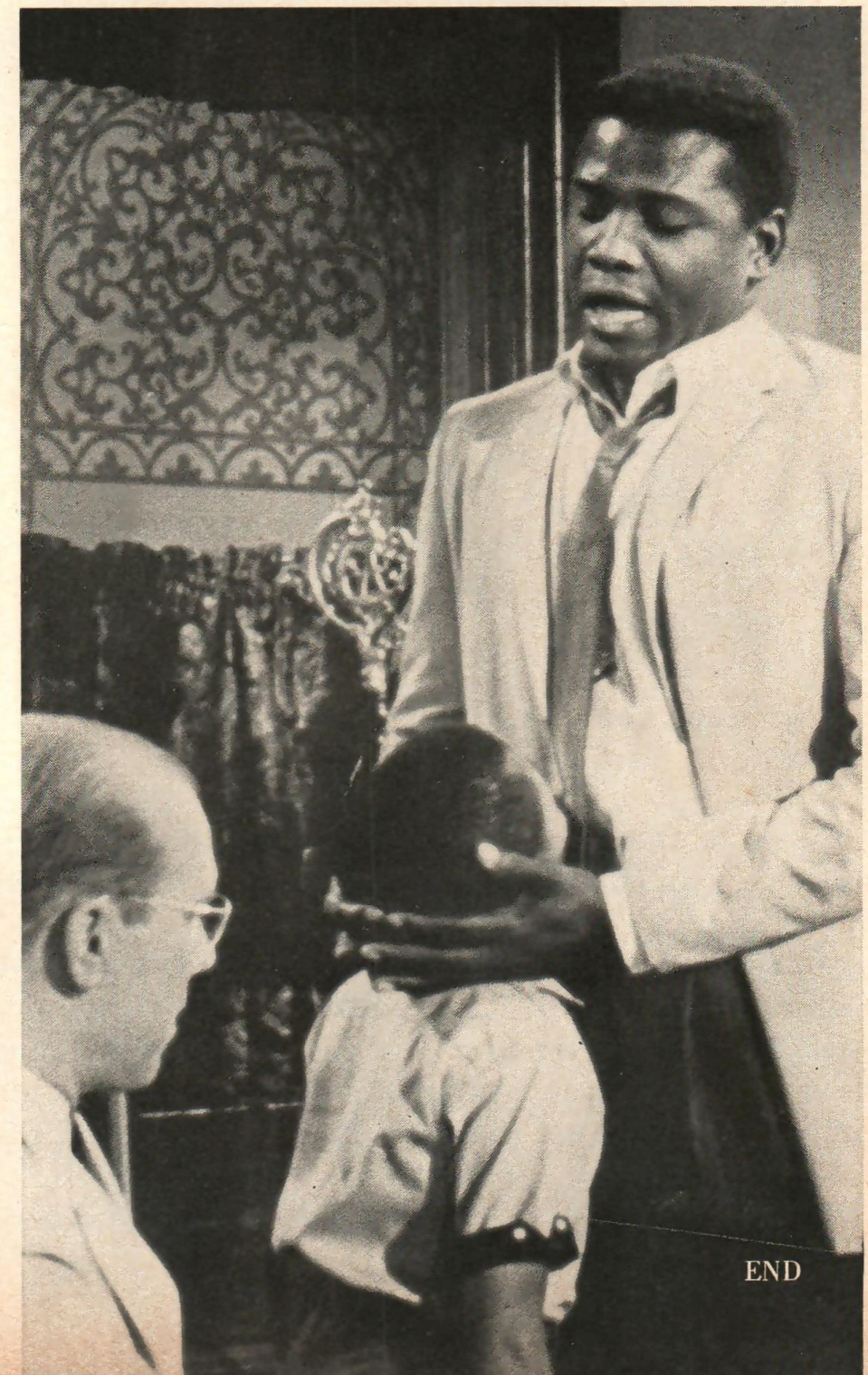
Leaving "tired" apartment, Walter's wife Ruth (warmly played by Ruby Dee) cries, "Good-by, misery—I don't never want to see your ugly face again!"

With the new house, they find a place in the sun

Walter's collegiate sister (Diana Sands) takes up her latest fad: folk dances of her "African heritage." "What kind of folks do that, honey?" asks Ruth.

When he opposes a hostile "welcoming committee" in moving into their new house, Walter comes "into his manhood like the rainbow after the rain."



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"Our driving's pretty moderate. We want safe tires, but don't want to spend a nickel more than we have to."

"Money's my problem. Can't drive much. Can't spend much on tires, either."

"I'm a heavy traveler. Spend half my life on superhighways, it seems."

"I do a lot of driving. I want the best tire money can buy – no ifs, ands or buts."

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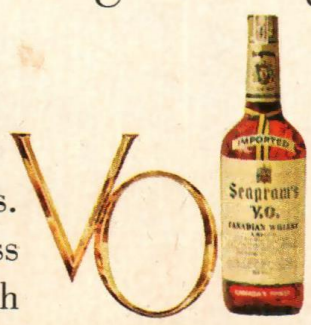
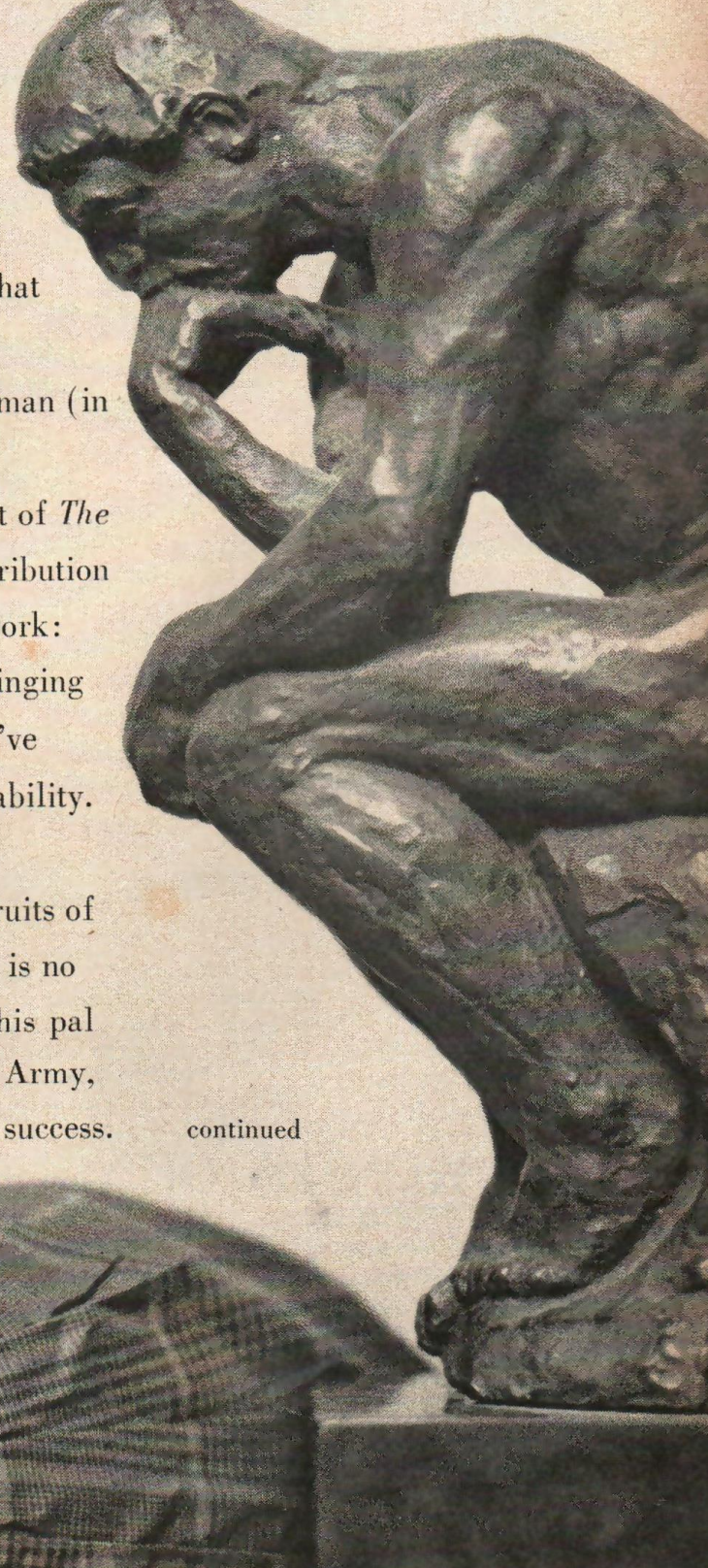


happiness. The fact is: V.O. has a genius for turning people into a party. Seagram's Imported V.O. Canada's famous whisky, known by the company it keeps.

DOBIE GILLIS
+ DWAYNE HICKMAN

a formula for TV success



SUCCESS has many formulas. One that works like magic in TV is *Dobie Gillis* (CBS-TV) plus Dwayne Hickman (in circle, above). Hickman, whose concentration (left) approaches that of *The Thinker* (right), says his chief contribution to *Dobie*'s success has been hard work: "I have almost no natural talent in singing or acting, but I have worked until I've surpassed those with more natural ability. A lot of kids want only the parties, publicity and fun. They enjoy the fruits of a career so much, it turns out there is no career tree." Now that Dobie and his pal Maynard have enlisted in the U. S. Army, the show may reach new heights of success.

continued

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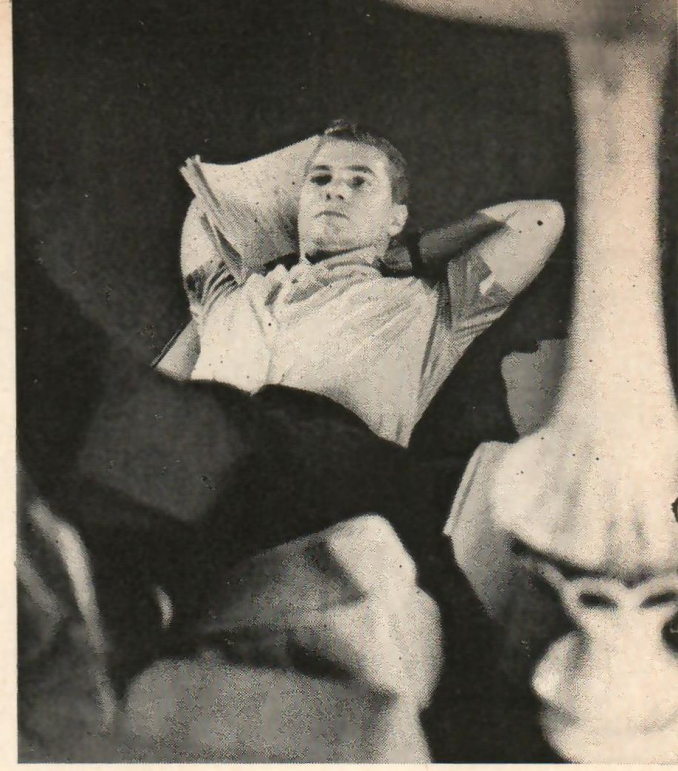


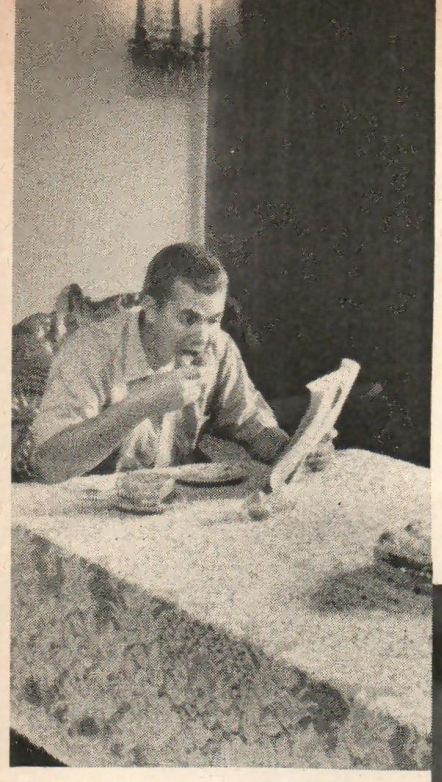
Hickman memorizes about 40 pages of dialogue a week. He usually retires to a suite in his parents' Hollywood home to study.

TV is a seven-days-a-week job for him

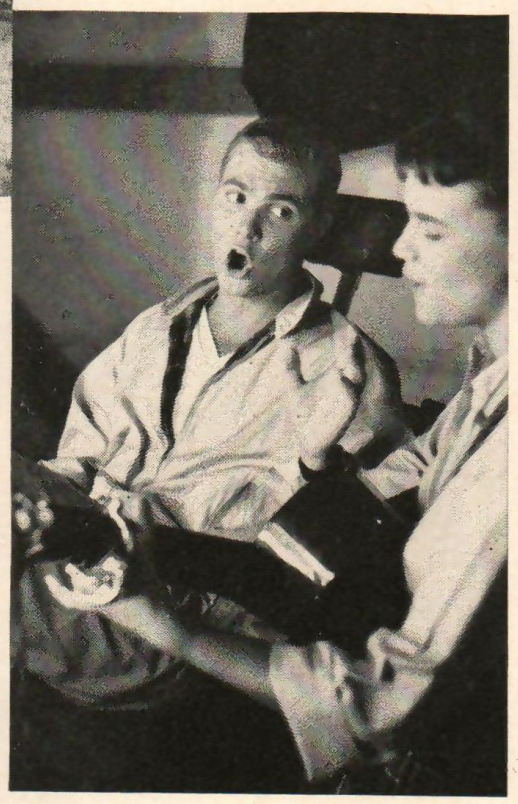
Dwayne Hickman's home and career are the centers of his life. Socially, he is such a recluse that fan-magazine photographers snap twice the usual number of shots when he makes an appearance. Besides doing the show, Hickman knocks himself out cutting records for Capitol, making personal appearances and promoting Dobie Gillis merchandise. Asked why, he says, "I believe how well you do depends on how hard you work." Then he pauses, smiles and adds, "Besides, I like all of that money."

Hickman helps his sister Deirdre, a college student, rearrange her room.

Young pro comics like Joyce Jameson and Dwayne keep show's satire sharp.



Hickman runs over lines at breakfast. He follows a high-protein diet: "Poor nutrition can cause bad acting."



On set, Sheila James accompanies him on a guitar. He bought one, but hasn't found time to learn to play it.

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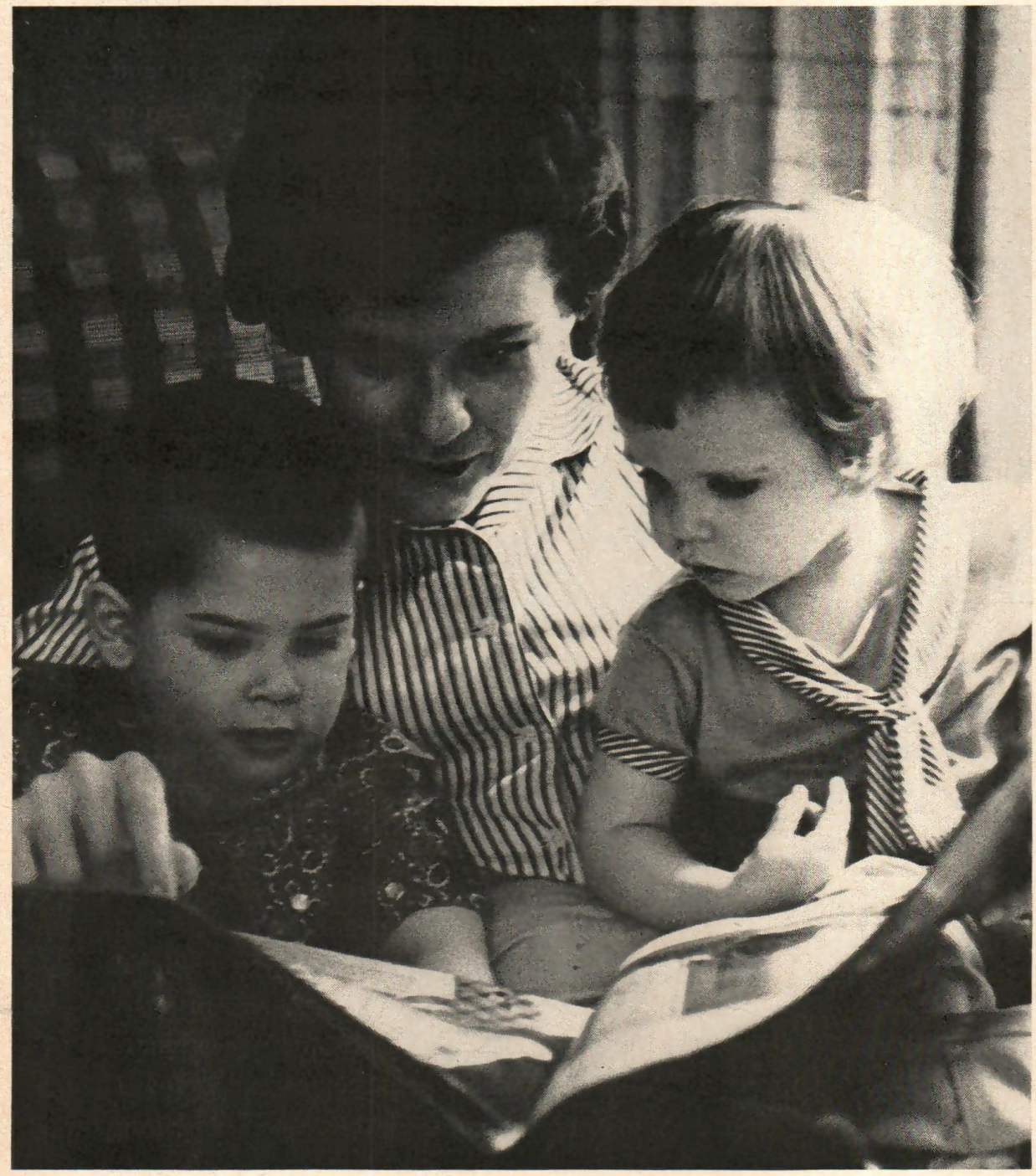
Are you reading enough?

How long has it been since you spent a quiet evening reading with your family?



In spite of all the activities which make demands on our time these days, we have the *obligation* to take more time to read — because reading is more necessary now than ever before to make us well-informed, effective citizens.

HAVE YOU CONSIDERED
PLANNED FAMILY READING?

If you and your family are *not* reading as much as you think you should, you may want to consider setting aside a night each week for family reading. Such a program is a source of relaxation, enjoyment and continuing education for each member of the family. It is a rich, rewarding experience. And, one of the best ways to develop a good reading program in your home is to receive a select group of fine magazines regularly.

Whatever reading tastes and interests your family may have, there are magazines tailored to the needs of every member. *Magazines are one of America's greatest values.* They offer up-to-date information on every subject and thorough coverage of national and international affairs . . . all at extremely low cost.

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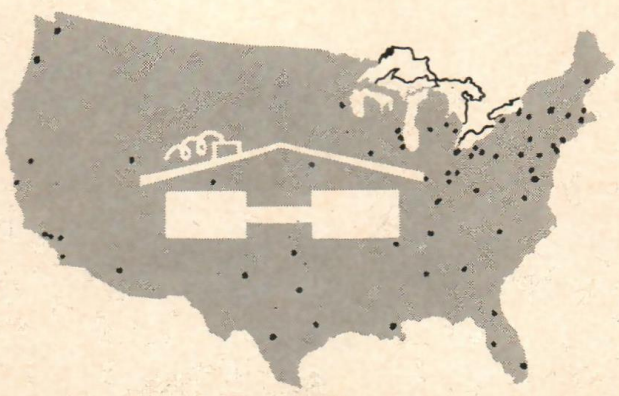

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continued

Paris to Helen of Troy:

"I don't care what people on the freeway think."

Casanova:

"Look at me—27 years old, a college graduate, and what have I got to show for it?"

All the world does

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
CAL BERNSTEIN

not love a lover

Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn:
"I mean, if you think I'm going on one of those 900-calorie diets, you'd better get your head examined."

Valentino:
"Listen, kid. You keep that up and you'll go to the party alone tonight."

continued

Romeo to Juliet:

"What do you mean, 'Wherefore art thou?' I art right down here."

Robert to
Elizabeth Browning:

"Liz, will you please stop counting the ways you love me and turn out that darned light?"

Caesar to Cleopatra:

"What's the matter?
You some kind of a rug nut or something?"

END

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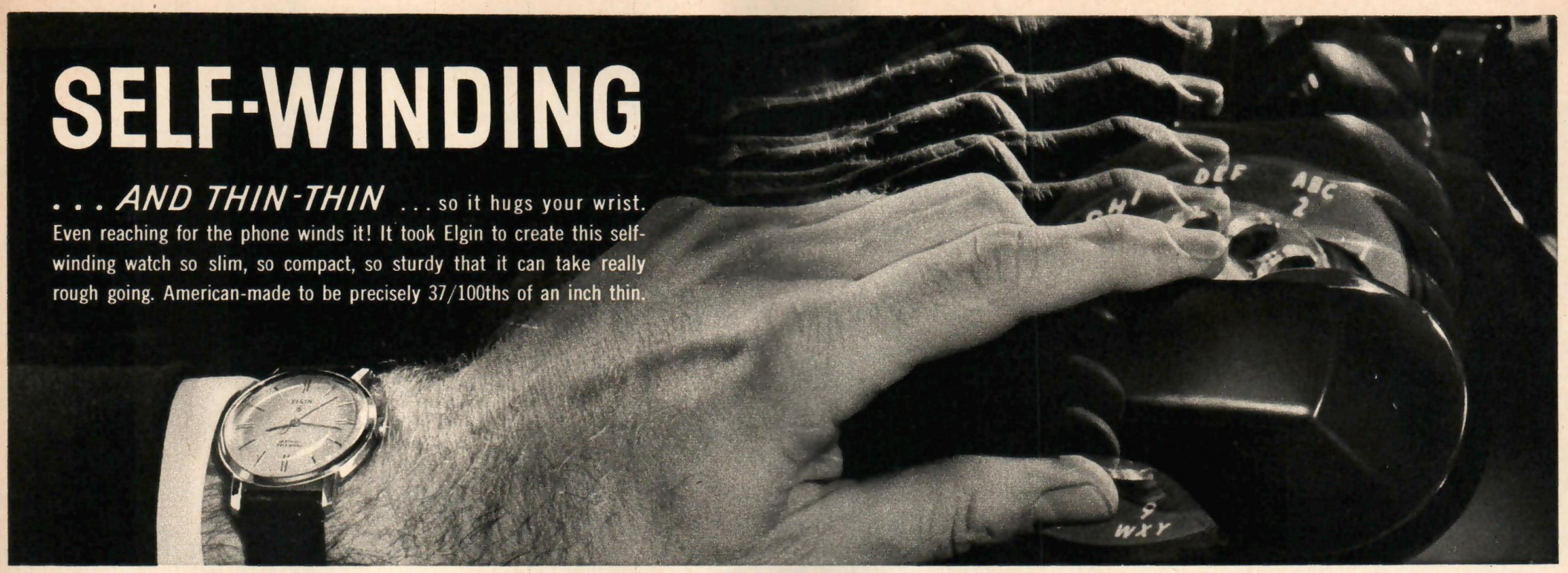

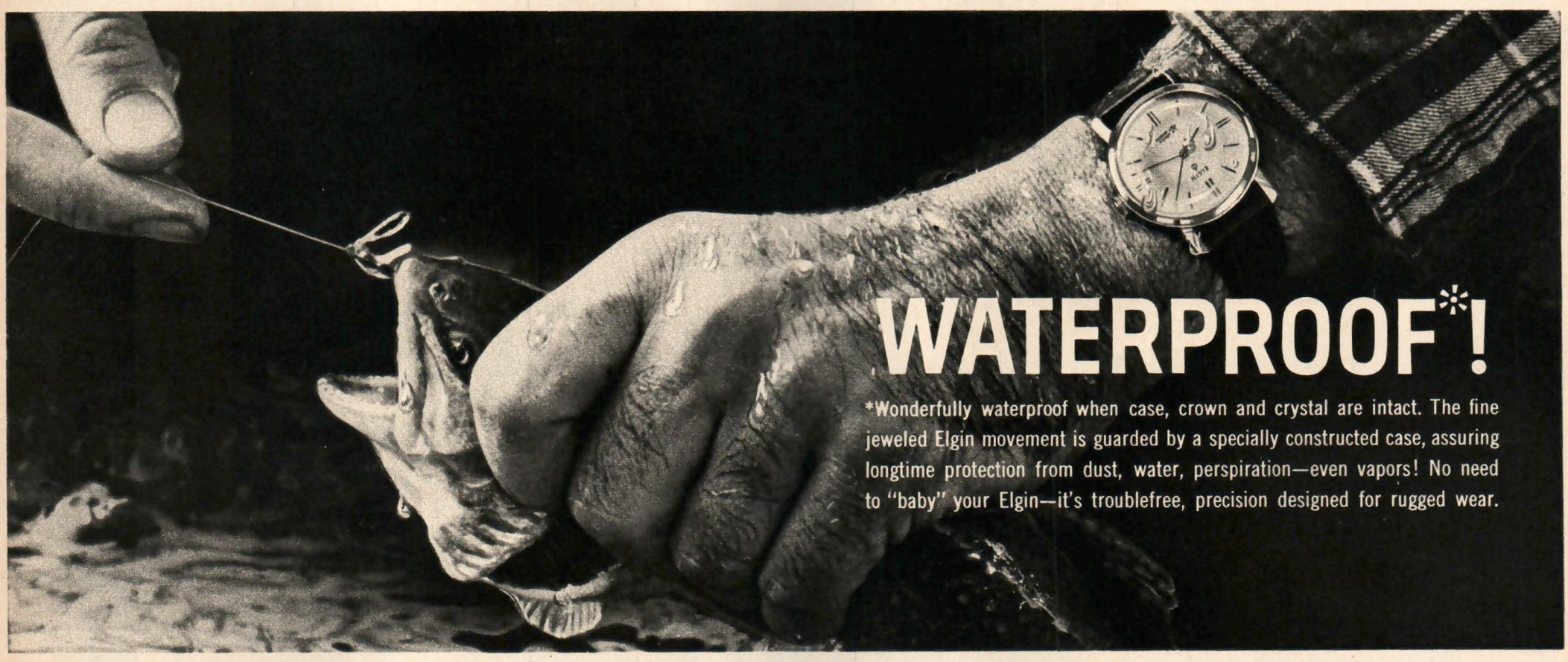

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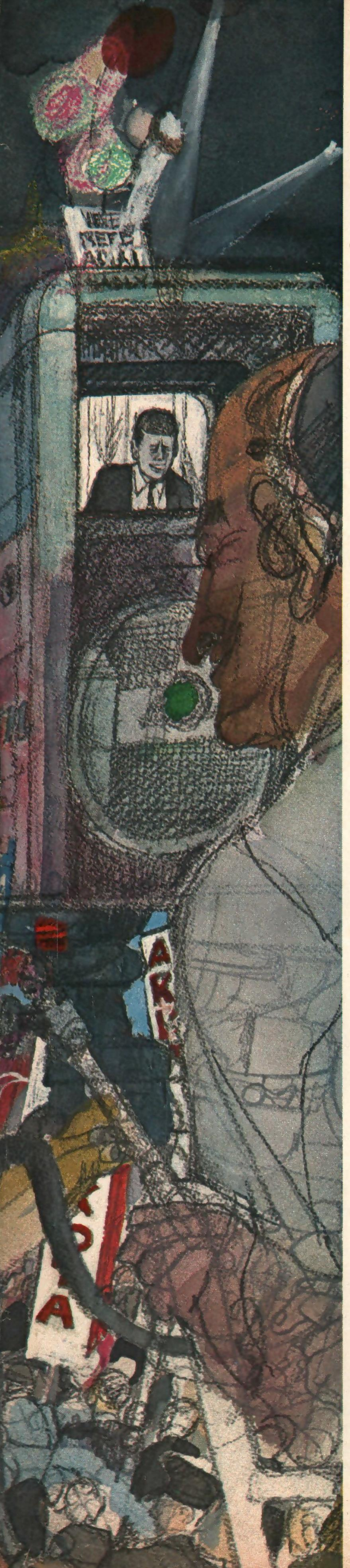

INSIDE KENNEDY'S ELECTION

BY JAMES A. MICHENER

A noted author who was a county chairman for the President comes to these conclusions:

- The religious issue was deep and bitter and cost Kennedy millions of votes
- Rockefeller would have been an easy winner
- Nixon could have won with a better campaign
- Eisenhower could have turned the tide for Nixon
- Kennedy's biggest aids included—
  The first TV debate
  The women in his family
  Norman Vincent Peale

EDITOR'S NOTE: LOOK *does not agree with some of the author's conclusions as to how and why Kennedy won the Presidential election, nor does* LOOK *wholly agree with his appraisal of the two candidates, but* LOOK *believes its readers will be interested in this colorful account of the campaign by a highly articulate Democrat.*

IN LATE 1959, I took a sheet of paper and wrote down every reason I could think of for not nominating John F. Kennedy for President of the United States.

He was young. He had no administrative experience. He had been pathetically weak on Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy. One of the television shows had claimed that he hadn't written the book for which they gave him the Pulitzer Prize. Then I added the crusher: "He's a Catholic."

But at this point, I remembered the first time I had met the handsome young man from Massachusetts. This was some years ago when I was working in Djakarta, the capital of Indonesia. One afternoon, we got a cablegram advising us that this congressman was dropping in for a visit, and we assumed that he was just another junketing legislator out for a free trip.

We went out to the airport. Off the battered plane stepped an unshaved, rumpled young man with sweat rings under his arms and a shock of uncombed hair. He said briefly, "I'm Jack Kennedy of Massachusetts." And before we could ask what he was doing on such a junket, he said he wanted to meet some labor-union people, some newspaper editors, some policemen and some soldiers. He didn't demand to see the ambassador or the prime minister or anyone else. He told us that he was merely a congressman, traveling around the world on his own money to see what was going on.

In the next few days, Jack Kennedy dug into Indonesia as I have seen few strangers ever dig into new terrain. When he left, he was a stranger no longer and was prepared to deal with the problem of Indonesia if it ever came up in Congress.

When the memory of that meeting came back to

continued

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"Kennedy started to speak, in short, sharp, incisive sentences. Then came Nixon, and I was shocked at the emptiness, at the foolish oratory."

"I thought Nixon would cut J.F.K. to pieces."

me, I wrote in the other column: "But he's also a hell of a man, and he'd make a good President." I decided that night to work to the fullest extent of my ability to see that John Kennedy was nominated for the Presidency and elected to it.

Although I started out reasonably certain that Kennedy was going to be our next President, many events intervened to make me doubt my optimism. During the period leading up to the conventions, it seemed to me that two developments hurt the Republican chances in the Presidential election, but two others threatened to damage the Democrats.

The first of these was the U-2 incident and its aftermath. A fundamental understanding of all who occupied themselves with espionage was that if they were caught by the enemy, their own government would piously wash its hands of the whole affair. When the Eisenhower Administration elected to pursue a course counter to historical precedent, I suspected that real trouble would follow, for one of the basic arrangements whereby nations are able to continue talking with one another had been breached. I remember taking consolation in the fact that at least one of the Republicans' major campaign issues was about to be blown sky-high. They could not claim that they had brought peace in our time, for now what many of us who worked abroad knew would become apparent to all: that America was far from true peace and that her international posture had deteriorated badly in the last eight years.

The debacle came, not in the form I had imagined, but worse. With shame, I read President Eisenhower's response to Nikita S. Khrushchev's breaking up the Summit meeting in Paris and found it one of the most tedious and ineffective statements ever made by an American President.

At this point, the Democrats received help from another quarter. When Dwight D. Eisenhower tried to shore up a conservative party that sought revision of the Japanese constitution, the roof fell in. Japanese leftists joined in weird snake dances and virulent chants of hatred. I was widely questioned at the time about the riots and replied, "In the long run, they mean very little, merely that the Japanese won't tolerate outside meddling in their internal political life." I added, "Watch. At the next election, Japan will vote conservative, just as before." And it did.

On the other hand, from the short-range view, the Japanese rioters had struck another lethal blow at Republican campaign claims.

I had to admit at the same time that the Democrats had also absorbed two frightening body blows. When I heard the newscast that John Kennedy had said something like: "President Eisenhower might have apologized to Khrushchev," I was shocked. This was the kind of unhappy

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANKLIN McMAHON

phrase that could plague a candidate right down to the wire. Later, when the clarification came through, I felt that Kennedy's explanation did not constitute a justification, and I dreaded the repetitions of that phrase.

Even more damaging, I felt, was a French newspaperman's report of his interview with Adlai E. Stevenson. If what the Frenchman reported had truly been said by Stevenson, it did indeed constitute giving aid and comfort to the enemy on the eve of an important international convention. Specifically, it undercut our nation's bargaining position. For the next several days, I looked in vain for any follow-up on the story and felt considerable relief when it appeared to have been overlooked. But in politics, I am a great believer in Murphy's Law: "If something bad can happen, it will." And before long, the Republicans caught up with the damaging article and interrogated the reporter, who defended the accuracy of the interview; thus they had a fresh charge that Stevenson was soft on communism. I felt reasonably sure that Stevenson did not say the things he was quoted as saying—and he did deny them—but I also felt that he had further disqualified himself as the Democratic candidate.

Casting up the harm done both sides—Paris and Tokyo versus "the apology" and the French "interview"—I felt that, in superficial damage, the four events were just about a standoff. Half the Democratic losses involved only Stevenson, who was not going to be the candidate anyway, while the wound that Kennedy had suffered involved only vague words, which could later be explained away. But the damage that the Republicans had suffered was visual. Most of the American electorate had seen on television the appalling events in Paris and the wild-eyed rioters in Tokyo. I faced the nominating convention with equanimity.

BUT on May 23, my complacency received a sharp shock. That evening, I spoke in New York on the same program with Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller. The Governor went out of his way seven times to comment on the brilliance of what I had said. I thought, "This man's really running for the Presidency. He doesn't know where I stand, and he wants to be as congenial as possible." I smiled wanly and fought down the sick feeling in my stomach. I thought, "This man's going to get the Republican nomination, and he's going to win. Look at that audience!"

When his speech ended, people surged about the table, crying, "We want you for President." I saw strangers rush up to touch him and to say, "You're our man, Rocky." There was something terribly electric in the air, the unknown substance from which votes are compounded. I heard him repeat over and over, "Thank you, fellow. Thank you, fellow." If I ever saw a man running for office, it was Rockefeller. Finally, he gripped my hand and said, "Thank you, fellow. That was a great speech." I thought, "Damn him. He can defeat Kennedy, and he knows it."

Later on, I rejoined my wife, who had been sitting with Emmet Hughes, the gray eminence of the Rockefeller team. I had first known him as an editor at *Life*. He had often worked on my material, and I could always tell where he had added something, because he had a penchant for alliteration and an uncontrollable fondness for the letter *p*. Often, when he was writing Eisenhower's speeches, I would listen to the President read off something like "our powerful posture of preparedness," and I would say to myself, "That's my boy, Emmet." Now Hughes was supporting Rockefeller.

The next afternoon, the Governor released his famous statement concerning the direction in which his party ought to move. It constituted a direct attack on current Republican policies and an oblique attack on Vice-President Richard M. Nixon. It tore the Republican party apart. We were told that, when Eisenhower saw it, he growled, "Emmet Hughes wrote this." When I read the strongly alliterative passages, I said the same thing, and we were both right. Then I read the vituperation from Republican headquarters and slowly realized that, even though defeat seemed certain if the Republicans nominated Nixon, the professionals were determined to crush Rockefeller. I could not believe what I was witnessing.

"It looks as if Rocky won't make it," I told my wife.

"That's too bad for the nation," she said. "He'd be a fine President."

"It's good for Kennedy," I replied.

When the conventions were over, my optimism waned somewhat. It seemed to me that the Democratic convention had been a rather shabby affair, with Stevenson refusing to run openly, yet borrowing help from Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt; with Sen. Lyndon B. Johnson trying to cram into a few days the work that should have occupied him over several months; with the disgraceful bumbling of Gov. Robert Meyner; with the lackluster keynote speech of Sen. Frank Church, which at times grew ludicrous; and, most of all, with Kennedy's inept acceptance speech.

In contrast, it seemed to me that the Republicans had got off to a rousing start. President Eisenhower's speech was one of the best I had ever heard him give; it frightened me with its visions of the old soldier stumping the nation in October; he was going to be very persuasive indeed, and I suspected that his old magic would be doubly appealing with its overtones of a farewell. Rep. Walter Judd's keynote speech, compared with Church's, was a masterpiece, even though its policies dated back to the 1920's. Rockefeller's graceful acceptance of the inevitable was beguiling and gave the picture, at least, of a united party. And I think no one could deny that the acceptance speech of the Vice-President was stirring, forceful and well thought out. He created a most favorable impression on me. I vaguely sensed that he wasn't saying much, but suspected that the details would be filled in later. And when I read that Kennedy had agreed to share the same platform with Nixon in public debate, I told my wife, "Kennedy's gonna be sorry he did that! This Nixon's a born debater. I'm afraid he'll cut our man to pieces."

My wife, who had favored Stevenson, but was now solidly in the Kennedy camp, argued, "I think Kennedy'll be able to take care of himself." Like all Stevensonians, she had supported her plumed warrior right down to the last six inches of the lists, and when he fell unseated, tears came into her eyes, and she did not want to talk. But unlike many of them, she then vigorously supported Kennedy and was responsible for gaining him many votes.

As I began talking about Kennedy to my neighbors, I was startled to discover that many of them were determined never to vote for a Catholic. Some were German Lutherans, and their historic animosity toward the Roman Catholic Church was understandable. But many were ordinary Protestants with no special animus toward any other religion; yet the specter of a cardinal dominating White House policy was to them positively terrifying. With many of my neighbors, I could not even argue. If I spoke of religion, they changed the subject. I began to realize that I was wrong in my early assumption that only the crackpots on the fringes would be affected by the religious issue.

I reasoned, "If the religious issue is as grave as it now seems, the Republicans have a good chance to win. They have an awful lot in their favor. There's peace of a kind. There's prosperity within limits. They're the incumbents, and that helps a lot. They have almost all the newspapers and magazines on their side. If President Eisenhower decides to campaign with full vigor, he'll carry a lot of states, and he seems to be ready for the fight." In addition, the Republicans had put together an appealing ticket whose second man, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, was being heralded by all the newspapers as much stronger than our Lyndon Johnson.

SUMMING everything up, I told myself brutally, "The Republicans ought to win. Every major indicator says so, and if Eisenhower and Rockefeller pitch in, their victory is in the bag." On the other hand, I was emotionally committed to a Kennedy victory, and at the pit of my stomach, I had intimations that some kind of last-minute miracle would enable us to win. In the meantime, I would work as never before.

When I agreed to head the Bucks County Citizens for Kennedy Committee, the fact was routinely reported in the newspapers, and I began to receive the first trickle of the flood of mail that was to characterize the campaign. I can forget the endless speeches, the hopeful conversations and the great good will that I found on every side. But I will not be able to forget the deluge of anti-Catholic mail that I received.

Usually, the letters began: "Did you know that the Catholic Church . . . ?" and ended with a miserable recital of lies, historic fact, sexual indecency and legitimate comment on Church excesses abroad. Quotations from scholarly works gave the whole a cloak of respectability, and if one wanted to indulge in anti-Catholic hatreds, here was inviting material upon which to feed.

During the first week, I received four such letters from private individuals, four from committees and three from churches. As autumn progressed, an increasingly higher percentage came direct from churches. Each letter contained pamphlets defaming the Catholic Church, and it was surprising how little duplication there was.

They fell into three distinct types. First came the relatively honest summary of civil intrusions made by the Catholic Church in such countries as Spain and Colombia. I never objected to these compilations, or to the people who sent them out, for they represented an intellectually

continued

The bigots were busy

respectable charge against the Church, and if any voter was sufficiently frightened by the recital of facts contained in these reports, I felt that he ought not to vote for John Kennedy. Later in the campaign, I was especially glad that I had never inveighed against such publications, because the Roman Catholic bishops in Puerto Rico very obligingly proved that the fundamental political charge made against the Church was true.

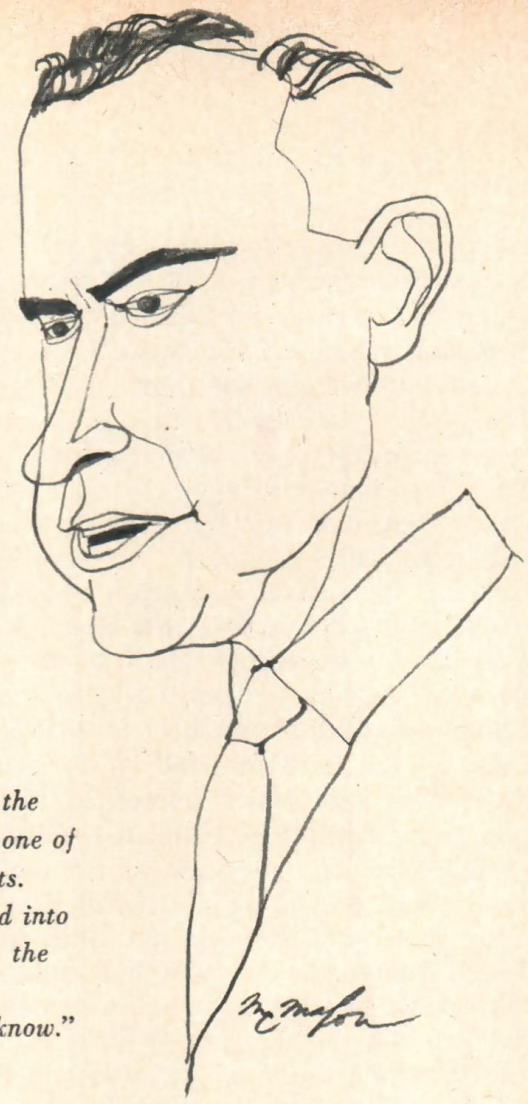
The second category contained numerous pamphlets not founded on fact, but consisting mostly of ranting, rodomontade and bigotry. One of the most impressive carried a cover showing a fat and apparently venal bishop on his throne, with "The Rest of Us" kneeling abjectly and kissing his foot. Most of these pamphlets also played up supposedly lurid details of the confessional. A characteristic of the material in this second category was its repeated assertion that, in all Catholic countries, priests immediately took over the schools, the newspapers and the civil government. No mention was ever made of countries like France or Belgium or Canada or Mexico, where the religious problem had been fought, by Catholics, to reasonable solutions. I suppose that most votes that were changed by the religious issue were influenced by this segment of the material, which was persuasive and fearfully poisonous.

One of the pamphlets most widely circulated in Bucks County showed a trio of priests supervising the following tortures of Protestants: One victim was being crucified upside down; another was being hauled aloft by his hands twisted behind his back while weights were applied to his feet; a third was stretched prone while water was being forced into him; a fourth had his bare feet in a fire while another fire was about to be pushed into his stomach; the last was having his skin peeled off by a smiling assistant armed with a butcher knife.

THE third category offered a procession of lurid confessions of alleged onetime Catholics who had fled from either the priesthood or a nunnery. For some reason that I do not fully understand, there seems to be an insatiable desire on the part of Protestants to know what goes on within the Catholic Church. All of the confessions that I received dated back to the 19th century, but they appeared to be as popular now as they must have been a hundred years ago.

There was a subcategory of this third group that merits special mention. These were the confessions of "nuns" who had fled the almost indescribable terrors of convent life, they claimed. These books were downright salacious and had obviously been composed with that effect in mind. *Maria Monk,* which was exceptionally popular during the election, is a 19th-century classic written, so far as I know, by a London hack, who offered the public a clever barrage of sexual titillation. One advertisement for this old worthy claimed: "See for yourself how innocent

Michener, right, found it difficult to get volunteers to work for Kennedy in the early part of the 1960 campaign. But immediately after the first debate, "we got phone calls volunteering services and funds enough to open four additional offices." With John C. Mulligan, Bucks County Democratic party chairman, Michener here attends the opening ceremony at a Citizens for Kennedy headquarters in Doylestown, Pa.



"I think Nixon had the capacity to become one of our better Presidents. How he was trapped into parading before us the shadowy image he projected, I do not know."

girls are trapped and imprisoned inside dark convents. How young priests visit them at night and force their attentions upon them. How the unwanted babies are strangled and thrown into wells. Live again the horrors of the Catholic Church with Maria Monk. In her own words."

What infuriated me personally, as head of a committee trying to elect John Kennedy, was that the dissemination of material in all the categories, from the factual to the obscene, was paid for by personal contributions that, though made for a political purpose, were tax-exempt as charitable contributions.

Let me state quickly that in Bucks County, at least, the formal Republican party took no part in this vicious campaign. That individuals did make financial contributions cannot be questioned, for the churches involved could not possibly have maintained their vastly increased publishing programs without additional financial help. That this insane program ultimately reacted against the Republicans and helped elect a Catholic President was one of the ironic twists of political fate, so I suppose I ought not to object. But I do.

When this avalanche of hate literature began to hit Bucks County, I was unable to guess what practical effect it was having, and I consulted with Mrs. Eva Horne Derr, the state committeewoman. She reported, "This religious business is going to damage the Democrats. We hear stories of ministers instructing their congregations to vote Republican."

"They won't obey, will they?" I asked.

Eva looked at me as though I weren't too bright, and said, "Let me tell you a story. Two months ago, I had ideas like yours. Schoolbook stuff. Separation of church and state. Sacredness of the ballot box and all that stuff. Then I accompanied the officers on the registration drive.

"We went to this one old lady; she had lived in the same house for 68 years and had never voted. This time, she wanted to vote, and the traveling registrar says, 'How do you wish to register?' 'Lutheran,' she says, and even Mr. Ziegler—he's the Republican county chairman—had to laugh, and he said, 'We don't mean your religion. We mean how you're going to vote.' And the old lady snaps, 'I'm going to vote Lutheran. The Reverend told me to.'

"What worries me is the fact that many of my registered Democrats won't talk with me," Mrs. Derr added. "They've decided they can't vote for a Catholic."

When I heard enough of these reports, I convened several meetings to discuss what we should do, and in mid-September, we agreed upon this procedure: "We must respect the fact that, in our county, a lot of people are either Lutheran or Mennonite, and the historic position of their churches has always been to fight Rome. For us to term these people bigots would be historically wrong. They were against Rome when I was a boy. They'll be against it when I'm a ghost. Furthermore, to charge them with bigotry would be politically unwise, for the Democrats among

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Many Republicans felt Ike disliked Nixon

them might leave our party and never come back. Therefore, at our public meetings, we won't use that word.

"As for the ministers who preach against Senator Kennedy, what can we do? We won't fight them. We won't argue with them. If your minister gives a sermon like that, sit there and take it, and next week go out and work a little harder for Kennedy.

"We can take consolation in this. Religious intolerance has already gained for the other side all the votes it's going to deliver, and I don't think that anything you or I say will win back a single one of those votes, so don't worry about them. Argue with nobody.

"But from now on, you watch. A little more of this anti-Catholic smear stuff, and a lot of uncommitted people who might have voted Republican are going to vote for us, simply because they're sickened by the filthy material that's being shoveled into this county. And sensitive Catholics who voted Republican the last two times are going to be driven back to our side. We've lost all we're going to lose, and from here on out, it's got to be pure profit for us."

The major breakthrough on the religious problem, in our area at least, came with the Norman Vincent Peale-Daniel Poling report of a Protestant meeting in Washington. The storm that broke over this ill-advised performance both surprised and pleased me. The newspapers of the country quickly identified the dangers represented by this meeting. They underscored its secret nature and questioned its impartial motives. What had been planned as a body blow to the Democrats was quickly transformed into a dangerous situation for the Republicans, who, as a party, had probably not been involved in the regrettable gathering.

On the other hand, we in Bucks County remembered that Dr. Poling was an avowed Republican partisan who had once stood for election as mayor of Philadelphia on the Republican ticket, and Dr. Peale had frequently been identified with Republican causes. For these two gentlemen to pose as impartial arbiters of a sensitive political question seemed to me an improper intrusion of religion into politics. But when the storm erupted, I was impressed by the dignity with which Dr. Poling accepted his share of the blame. He was, he said, a Republican, and he didn't care who knew it. He distrusted the influence of the Catholic Church and felt that Kennedy would be under extreme pressure by the hierarchy of his church. It was Poling who had divulged the controversial story about Kennedy's withdrawal from a dinner ending a fund drive for the Chapel of the Four Chaplains, when he was a congressman, after the supposed intervention of Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia. I could respect Dr. Poling's firm position, even though it hurt my side.

But Dr. Peale's performance I found undignified. When newspapers around the country, properly mindful of the sensibilities of their Catholic readers, started to cancel the Peale column, the good doctor quickly issued an apology for his fumbling performance, and did so through the business firm that distributed his column. Then he confessed ineptly to his church that he hadn't known what he was doing, didn't mean what he had done and had been made a fool of by people smarter than he. I felt ashamed for a man I had once vigorously defended on radio and whom I liked personally; yet I had to be grateful to him and shall always remain so. For in our area at least, he helped us counteract religious prejudice and thus proved instrumental in the election of Senator Kennedy.

What was equally important, he inadvertently introduced some humor into an ugly question; for, in subsequent weeks, whenever the religious issue arose at any meeting that I was addressing, I always remarked that the audience would forgive me if I avoided making a fool of myself, as Dr. Norman Vincent Peale had done. Always, there was hearty laughter. I then made a few comments about the fact that I could

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respect a man like Dr. Poling, who said he distrusted the Catholic hierarchy. I always said, "There must be a lot of us in the audience tonight who feel exactly as Dr. Poling feels, and that's a perfectly honorable stand to take. I'm certainly not going to try to argue down an honest religious conviction. But if you're just vaguely afraid of this Catholic question, if you've heard a lot of rumors and read a lot of the hate literature that's being circulated, remember that Dr. Peale apologized for getting involved. Don't make the same silly mistake that he made." Sometimes, I quoted the nifty that Adlai Stevenson is supposed to have started: "In this campaign, it seems as if each party has a patron saint. Personally, I must admit that I find St. Paul appealing and St. Peale appalling."

SHORTLY after the Peale-Poling fiasco, I received personal appeals on the same day from two highly placed Republicans. They asked that I get in touch with Senator Kennedy and "try to persuade him to get the Democrats off the religious issue." It was intellectual effrontery of the worst sort to suggest that a man who stood to lose the Presidency of the United States because of his religion had somehow "introduced the religious issue." For the life of me, I could not understand how my correspondents had reached the conclusion that Kennedy was to blame for the eruption of the religious question. But it now seems to be even clearer than it was then that the Republican high command had awakened belatedly to the fact that this issue might inflame the big cities and cost Nixon the Presidency.

The religious issue permeated every meeting I conducted. It influenced Republicans and Democrats alike. Ministers preached politics publicly, and churches distributed the most vicious electioneering materials. Practically no one I met escaped the pressure of this overriding problem.

Since I addressed mostly Republicans during the campaign, I knew that frontal assaults on their party or their candidate would accomplish nothing. I consistently pointed out that Richard Nixon was a good man and a respectable candidate. My most telling blow came when I observed casually that "the trouble is that many Republicans just don't like their candidate." Whenever I said this, I could see a dozen or so good Republican heads nodding in agreement.

Equally effective was my constant reference to the fact that, quite obviously, President Eisenhower did not entirely approve of Nixon and never had. Here, scores instead of dozens nodded their agreement, and I am sure that this was one of the most damaging situations with which Nixon had to contend during his campaign.

Whether President Eisenhower actually did find his Vice-President distasteful or not, we will not know until the memoirs of this age are published, but I can certainly report now that an enormous number of voters in the 1960 election thought that Ike distrusted Dick, and a great many—across the nation, something like 5,000,000—who had voted for Ike in 1956 were persuaded to vote for Senator Kennedy in 1960, partly because they felt that the Republicans themselves did not wholly accept their own candidate.

The 1960 campaign began poorly for the Democrats. The conspicuous advantages with which Vice-President Nixon started as a result of the Chicago convention grew when the rump session of Congress flatly rejected most of the Democratic program. My friends pointed out that the Republicans could cry to the nation, "See! Johnson was in control of the Senate and Sam Rayburn of the House, yet Kennedy was

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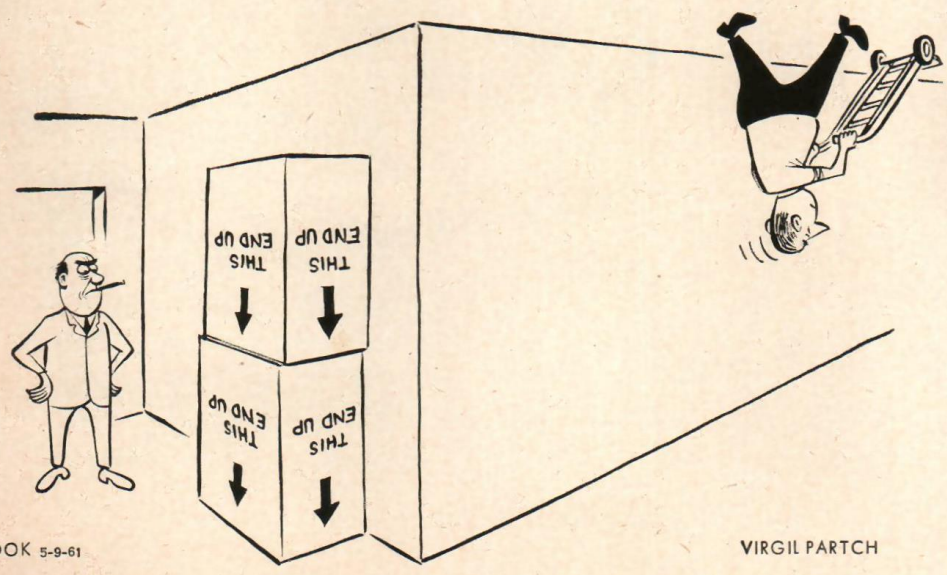

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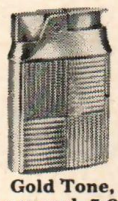
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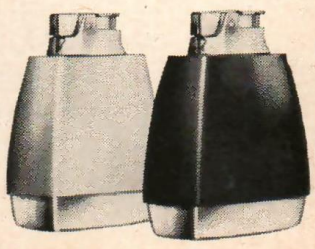

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able to accomplish nothing. It proves he's only a boy."

I saw it rather differently. I saw John Kennedy battling for some very progressive legislation. I saw him making speeches that looked fine on the record. And I saw him frustrated at every move by the threat of a Republican Presidential veto. It seemed to me that it was he, and not Nixon, who was making points to be used in the forthcoming campaign. No one could be in doubt as to where he stood. I can't speak for the other Democratic county chairmen, but I am certain that, insofar as I was concerned, he made my job infinitely easier.

A special burden that all Democratic speakers had to bear in the early period of the campaign was the member of the audience who jumped to his feet in the question-and-answer period to say in a loud clear voice, "I'm a Stevenson man, and, frankly, I can't see John Kennedy. I don't know whether to vote for Nixon or just stay home."

When I had heard this about a hundred times, I had a private meeting with my wife, who remained the most ardent Stevenson admirer I knew. She counseled, "Remember what you told me a year ago. Don't fight these people. They've got to make three distinct jumps before they'll be of any help to us. First, they threaten, 'I'll vote for Nixon,' and if they do, they cost us two votes. A little later, they'll say, 'I'll stay home.' This is a lot better, because, although we lose their vote, they don't penalize us double. Later, they'll come around to: 'I'll vote for Kennedy, but I won't work for him.' Well, that's as much as you can hope for. But some, like me, will ultimately say, 'Of course, Kennedy's the better man. I'll help.' Let's try to lead them step by step to the light, just as you said."

I'm afraid I never had much success with my Stevensonian hecklers, for, although I was patient and although I tried to do everything reasonable, I suspect I was never able to hide my contempt for people who thought that their tastes were so refined that, in a time of national crisis, neither Richard Nixon nor John Kennedy was worthy of their support.

I MUST confess that, in the early days of the campaign, with everything apparently going against us, with a cold in my chest and with endless miles before me at the close of each meeting, I became momentarily depressed. The Stevenson supporters were openly implying that my candidate was inadequate, and the religious bigots were hammering us from all sides. Several dozen of my helpers reported that their ministers were haranguing them in church, and all the newspapers in our area were reporting fresh Republican triumphs.

And then, late one night, as I was driving home alone from a labor-union meeting in Bristol, I stopped at an all-night coffee stand. A group of workmen saw the Kennedy-Johnson sticker on my car and started asking me questions: Why was I for Kennedy? Was I a Catholic? What did I think of the Forand Bill? Would Kennedy raise taxes? Would he get the $1.25 minimum-wage bill through if he was President? What about Kennedy's brother and the Teamsters' James R. Hoffa?

The night wore on, and others drifted in and out of the conversation. As our exchange of ideas progressed, I realized that these men understood what was happening in this election. They pinpointed one problem after another, and some of the best of the group were for Nixon, and they knew why. We talked for about two hours, and I left that coffee shack positively elated. That my countrymen knew as much as these men did about our political system was a tribute to our nation.

As I drove home, I took with me a heartening view of the election. I saw fairly clearly that, if John Kennedy could speak sensibly to such people, if he could get across to them the things he believed in, there was a good chance that he could win.

But it was with no expectancy of triumph that we sat down early that Monday evening in late September to watch the first television debate between Kennedy and Nixon. To me, it was just another dangerous hurdle that could not be side-stepped.

When the cameras disclosed the austere concrete walls, I gasped and thought, "It's like a setting for a Franz Kafka play." And when one of the lenses wandered over to pick up Richard Nixon, I gasped again. He seemed like a ghost. I thought, "My God, he lost weight in that hospital!" The unreality of the night increased when the camera time and again picked up that fantastic row of heads belonging to the nameless and faceless reporters. The setting, the row of heads and one of the actors formed the components of a burial, and I felt sure that it was my candidate who was going to be interred.

And then Kennedy started to speak. In short, sharp, incisive sentences, he hacked away at his major themes: America must move ahead. We are not doing enough. We need much new legislation. At the end of his opening statement, I sighed with at least momentary relief and whispered, "It's good he went first. Public got a chance to see him before Nixon clobbers him."

Then came the Vice-President, and I was shocked at the emptiness, at the foolish oratory, at the lack of specifics. Where was the fire of the acceptance speech at Chicago? Where was the fighter, the dominator? I simply could not believe that I was looking at Richard Nixon.

Now came the questions to Kennedy, and in the manner that was to become famous, he started punching out his answers. He kept referring to things in numbered series. He spoke with rapidity and force, and, best of all, what he said made good sense. Along with seventy million other Americans, I sat up.

When the camera flashed back to Nixon, his face was drawn and streaked. Bubbles of perspiration rested on his chin, and twice he tried vainly to wipe them away. His voice was silken where it should have been hard. He said, "I agree," where he should have waged war. He fumbled, failed and frowned. I doubt if any other viewer in the nation was as astonished by the complete collapse of a public figure as I was.

Suddenly, the prospect of victory was very bright before me, for it seemed as if all America must have discovered what I had discovered: that John Kennedy was not only a match for Richard Nixon; he was measurably superior in command of facts, in forthrightness, in ability to reason and in his willingness to talk sense to the American people. But I was in for a surprise.

On Tuesday morning, I had to go to New York, and while there, I bought every newspaper I could find, including about a dozen out-of-town papers, to savor the reports of Kennedy's triumph. To my astonishment, the papers said that the debate had been a draw or implied that Nixon had won because of his superior statesmanship. One press-association story was particularly infuriating. The opening paragraphs said that practically no one's opinion had been modified by the debate. But farther down in the story, when I read the actual city-by-city reports, I found that everyone whose opinion had been changed had changed from Nixon to Kennedy.

"What the hell!" I reasoned. "Practically nobody's opinion was changed, but everybody who did change went over to Kennedy. That's one per cent of the vote, and one per cent will win this election. We're in!"

I can testify to the climactic importance of this first debate, because,

continued

"I think it's about time we told him he's mythical."

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Ike could have blasted

in the days before the confrontation, it was very difficult for me to get others to work for Senator Kennedy, and we struggled along with one office and one paid secretary. Immediately after the debate, we received funds to open four additional offices, each with at least one paid secretary and some with three. We got phone calls volunteering services. We got automobiles and posters. We received checks through the mail. In Bucks County, where it used to take courage to be a Democrat, we had five thriving offices open seven days a week.

Just as we got things organized in Bucks County, trouble began. We were preparing to gloat over the second debate when I heard Senator Kennedy state, almost unnecessarily, it seemed to me, that he would be willing to surrender Quemoy and Matsu to the Chinese Communists. "Oh, I wish he hadn't said that!" I gasped. Nixon jumped in and went far beyond the acknowledged Administration position, stating that he would engage in war to prevent the loss of Quemoy and Matsu. In the ensuing days, I lived in constant fear that Eisenhower would make some simple statement to the effect that Kennedy had imperiled the American position. The President's statement never came, and we were able slowly to repair the damage that had apparently been done.

I happened to be one of a handful of private American citizens who had visited both Quemoy and Matsu. My visit to Matsu had occurred under unusual and privileged conditions during the height of military tension over the islands, and I had spent a wintry day traversing the insignificant heap of rocks where the Chinese troops were stationed.

MATSU, as I knew it, was about as indefensible militarily as a pile of rocks could be. It lay under the shadow of land-based batteries and could be neutralized at will. All the natives occupying it could have been evacuated in a couple of old Liberty ships. It had no airfield, no substantial batteries, no usable harbor, no worthy installations. Its only use, in time of military crisis, might be as a radar station. The only way in which it could be held, if the Red Chinese wanted it badly enough, would be for the United States to use atomic bombs. No one I knew was ready to launch a nuclear war to save Matsu, which was not worth saving—so far as military considerations alone were concerned.

Yet, when I returned from Matsu to the mainland of Asia, I wrote two widely published articles in which I advocated precisely the policy that was later to be supported by Vice-President Nixon. I argued that Matsu, inconsequential though it might be from a purely military point of view, represented psychological factors that made it important both to the Formosan Chinese and to the United States. I argued that, because of those factors, it must be kept from Communist hands, even at the cost of war.

But no sooner had my articles appeared than I was subjected to a barrage of criticism by foreign correspondents working in the area and by most of the military men as well. They pointed out three grave fallacies: First, there was no conceivable advantage to be gained militarily from holding on to the islands, not even if they were to serve as a radar listening post, because other locations already in American hands could better perform that function. Second, there was no psychological advantage in holding onto these rocks and no question of face involved for either the Formosan Chinese or for the Americans, because, only a few weeks before, our side had voluntarily evacuated the Tachens to the north, which did possess a few military advantages; they stressed that President Eisenhower himself had approved the Tachen evacuation. Third, they told me that every military leader in the area and at home had advised against the defense of Matsu. They further believed that two distinct American military and civil missions had already approached Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek with advice that he get out of Matsu as swiftly as possible. Later, Eisenhower himself agreed publicly that, from a military point of view, Matsu was indefensible, and its occupation inadvisable.

Thus, personally, I had already been completely through the line of reasoning adopted by Nixon. I had advocated it, argued in defense of it and found it totally insupportable. Therefore, when I gasped at Senator Kennedy's introduction of the subject, it was not because I disagreed with his reasoning, but because I knew that this subject ought not to be discussed in public. I therefore knew there would be trouble for the Democrats, because the Nixon-Michener thesis was a popular one to defend, even though it was 100 per cent wrong.

Kennedy on Matsu

I was dismayed again in the fourth debate when Kennedy suggested that we support anti-Castro rebel forces in Cuba. Latin American professors, writers and students liked Fidel Castro, because he had defended Cuba against what they called "the intrusions by *Norteamericanos,*" and now Kennedy was suggesting further intrusions. Again, Nixon was quick to challenge him, and again, the Vice-President had a popular cause to defend. Once more, I waited with real fear for Eisenhower to state bluntly that Senator Kennedy had spoken intemperately, for such an accusation by the President would have hurt the Democratic campaign most seriously. But the President remained silent.

I was forced to admit that Nixon was correct in charging that Kennedy had been imprudent in discussing Cuba's situation in public, although for Nixon to have implied that the subject was beyond the pale of discussion was downright misleading. At the time, the charge seemed to gain votes for Nixon. But I later came to the conclusion that Kennedy's forthright stands on Matsu and Cuba won him critical support in the crucial days of the campaign from men like Walter Lippmann and Joseph Alsop.

We were now into the hard-fought central weeks of the campaign, and these were the subjects we were called upon to discuss day after day:

First, Kennedy's youth. His deportment on the first debate assured some, but many remained skeptical, and there was little I could do to dissuade them from their opinion.

Second, Kennedy's inexperience. I was able to cite the fact that he had served in the Federal Government exactly as long as Vice-President Nixon, but this was not too effective, because my critics always pointed out that Nixon had had administrative experience, whereas Kennedy had not. Later, I retreated to my old device of saying, "Senator Kennedy has had exactly fourteen years' more experience in the United States Government than President Eisenhower had when he assumed the Presidency."

Third, the likelihood of inflation. I used to teach economics and felt that Senator Kennedy's reliance upon increased national product to provide an enhanced tax base that would pay for services and prevent inflation was correct, but I found it difficult to explain this point to my listeners. I feel that, if Eisenhower had gone on the air midway through the campaign to lambaste Democratic spending, he might have swung the election, but he was silent. This was the more curious because, during his incumbency, he had been so often outspoken on this matter.

Fourth, the charge of socialism. I never paid any attention to the flagrant charges of socialism or complete fiscal irresponsibility brought against the Democrats. Consistently, I took the public position that if my

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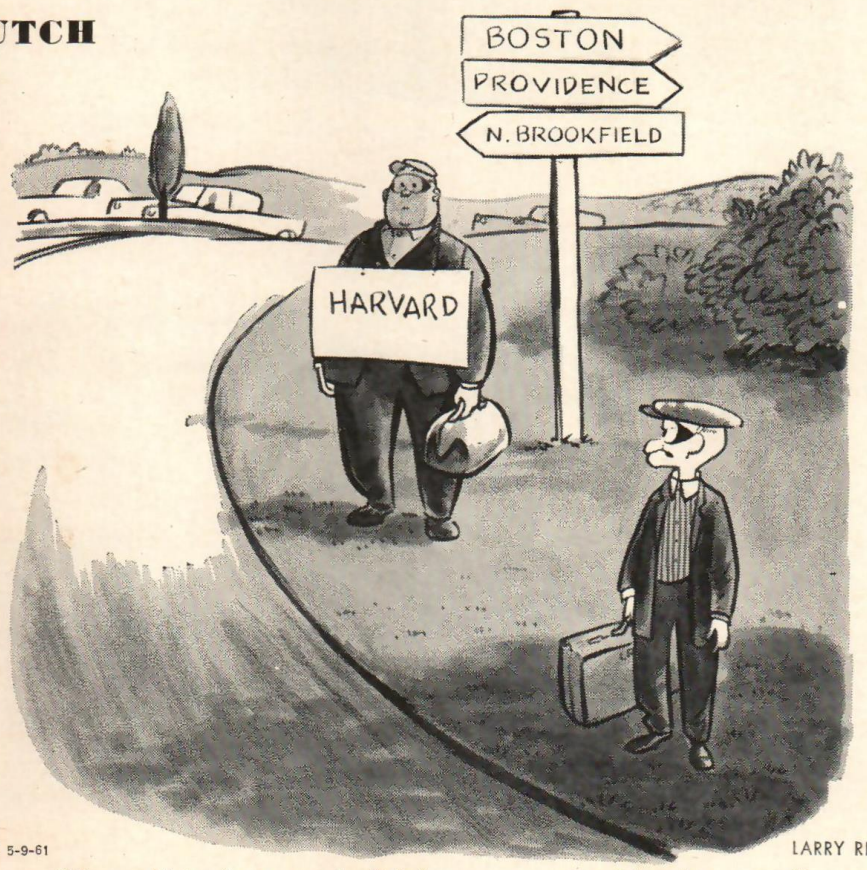

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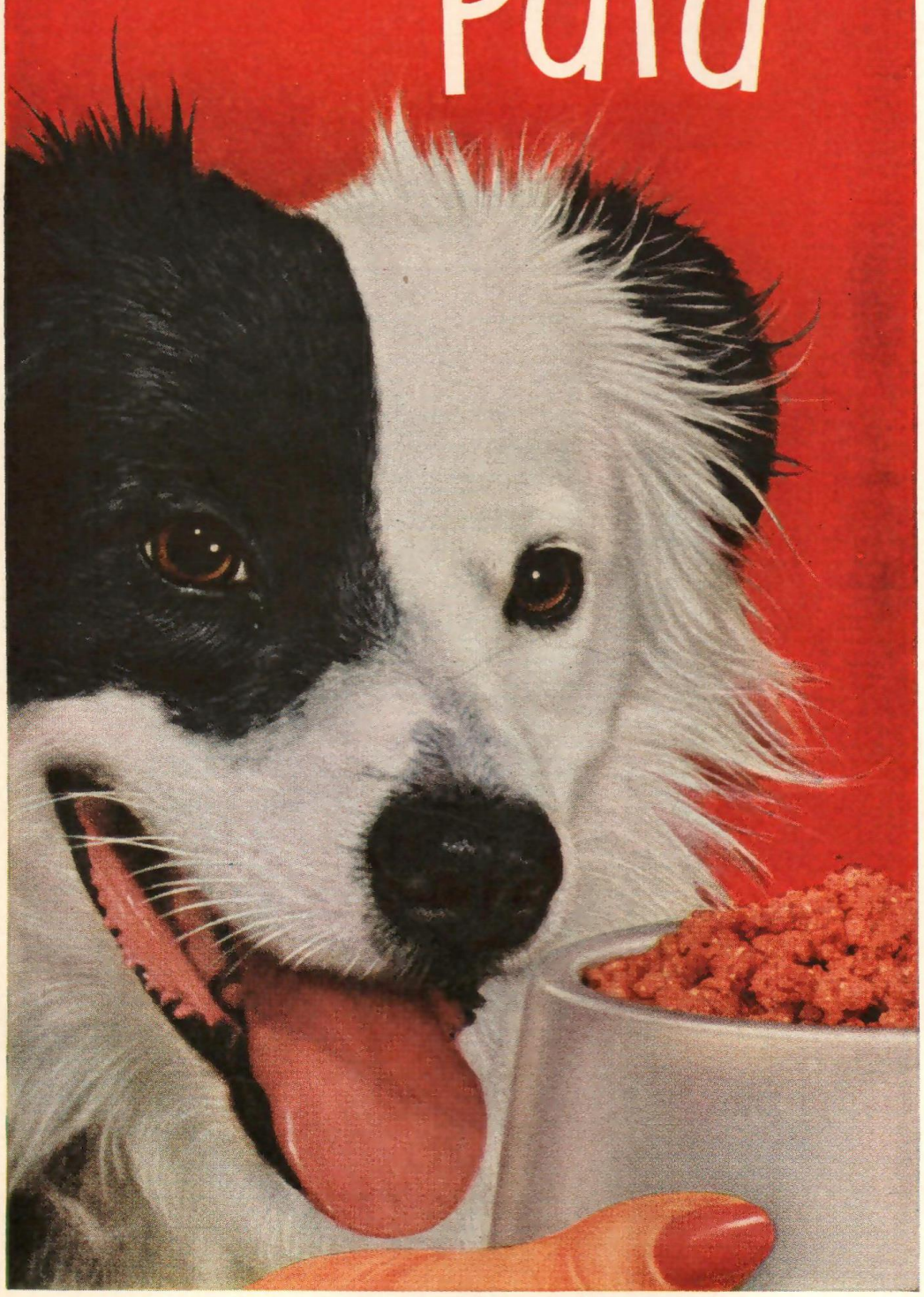

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How Lyndon Johnson worked the South

"A God-fearing man can't be expected to vote against his conscience," Johnson would tell Southern politicians. Then he would add, "I don't want you to feel sorry for me or Mr. Kennedy. If we lose the election in November, we surely aren't going to be out of work. But, gentlemen, how do you think you are going to get your favorite bills through the Senate, if Mr. Kennedy and I are sitting there solely because you didn't produce the votes that would have elected us?"

questioner felt deeply that the Democrats were Socialist revolutionaries, he should certainly vote for the Republicans, because he would never be happy in my party. There were certain votes I didn't want.

Fifth, the question of war. At most meetings, I was plagued by the question: "Is it not true that in the last fifty years the Democrats have led us to war three times?" I answered, "Now there's a typically tricky statement if I ever heard one. Why does the Republican party always say 'the last fifty years'? Because they know that if they said the last sixty-two years, they'd bring to your attention one of the most indefensible wars any nation ever stumbled into—the Spanish-American War, which was engineered by a Republican President, William McKinley. And if the Republicans go back a hundred years, they'll have to include the Civil War, and we know that the Republican party was practically called into being to prosecute that war. As a Democrat, I'm eternally grateful that a great Republican President was on hand to fight it—Abraham Lincoln."

As THE campaign progressed, three events convinced me that we would win. The first of these occurred during a visit to New York, where I was to meet Kennedy. While several of us were waiting, a newspaperman whose name I didn't catch was regaling us with an account of how Johnson was conducting his campaign in the South. I had long been an admirer of Johnson, and it irritated me considerably when, at most of my meetings, people said that Lodge was so much finer a choice than Johnson for the Vice-Presidency and that Lodge was helping his ticket while Johnson was hurting his. This I never believed. I need not explain how thoroughly I enjoyed the following monologue:

"I've been campaigning down South with Senator Johnson, and, man, he does things his own way. He blows into a state capital, and first thing he does is convene the two senators and the governor. They all pour big drinks, and Johnson says, 'Now, Senator Buford, I understand exactly why you can't find it in your heart to come out for the Democratic ticket in this election, and, believe me, I sympathize with you. There are many things about that Los Angeles platform that I can't abide, either, and I appreciate the fact that you have to come back to your people in 19 and 62 for re-election, and you can't do it if you stand on that platform in this year of 19 and 60. So you certainly aren't going to hear any rebuke from me, because I understand fully the political pressures you're under.'

"Then Good Ol' Lyndon pours everybody another drink, and he turns to the other senator and says, 'Baxby, old fellow, I would have been amazed if you had been able to support our national ticket, what with Mr. Kennedy being a Catholic and all that. I appreciate the difficult situation this fact puts you in down here with the churches barking at your heels and the preachers lambasting you on Sunday, and I tell my friends it would be a miracle if the South was reacting any way

different from the way it is reacting, and, Baxby, I've frequently cited your case as a case in point. I simply don't see how a God-fearing man can be called upon, not even by his party, to vote against his own conscience nor to advise his neighbors to do so. If a man can't respect the dictates of his own conscience, he's not much of a man, I say.'

"Next, the senator from Texas looks directly at the governor of this sovereign state and says, 'Governor Beauregard, I would be the last man in the Democratic party to come to you and ask you to change your beholden opinion about this election. Because I have got to acknowledge that our party has made it very difficult for you men on the local scene, and I will so acknowledge publicly if I'm called upon to do so. I refuse to see how a group of party experts in Washington or New York can expect to interpret for us in the South what we've got to do in the South. How can they be expected to understand our separate and special problems? That's why, Governor Beauregard, you find me so sympathetic, because every problem you are now facing I've had to face in the past, and I know better than most men what is involved. So if you thought that I came to put pressure on you to modify your public statements about the present election, put such thoughts from your mind. I'm a practical politician, and I appreciate what you're up against here at home.'

"With this reassurance, repeated several times and in different ways, the first two hours pass. But in the third hour, Good Ol' Lyndon pours hisself a third round, and he says expansively, 'Now, gentlemen, I most particularly don't want you to feel sorry for me nor for Mr. Kennedy. If we lose the election in November, we surely aren't going to be out of work. I'll be re-elected senator and presumably will go back to Washington as majority leader of the Senate with enhanced powers because of the national race. And Mr. Kennedy won't be out of a job either, because he just stays on in the Senate as titular head of the party and as one of the most powerful voices in the nation. But, Senator Buford and Senator Baxby, I just don't see how, if your defection is the cause of our defeat, you're ever going to get one little old bill through that Senate. Governor Beauregard, you say you have to have that new airport, and you want to keep the Army base down here. How do you think you're going to get such bills through the Senate if Mr. Kennedy and I are sitting there solely because you didn't produce the vote that would have elected us?'

"There's a long silence, and then Good Ol' Lyndon says expansively, 'Gentlemen, there's a lot of work to be done in this state before November 8, and I feel increasingly that you are the men to see that it gets done.' "

The newspaperman stopped, looked at us and said, "If I had to bet right now, I'd bet that the only major Southern Democrat that fails to speak out publicly for the Kennedy-Johnson ticket will be Harry Byrd. The Democrats are going to carry the Deep South, South Carolina and all the rest of them except Florida, and the man they have to thank for the victory is Lyndon Johnson." From that moment on, I never wavered

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Lippmann's comments

in my belief that our side would win a majority of the votes in the South.

I first became aware that we were going to win the big industrial states of the North on Saturday, October 22. My wife and I were driving to an important rally in northern Connecticut, and we stopped in a small town to get breakfast. Eagerly, we looked for a copy of the New York *Times,* but all copies had been sold, and we were forced to buy a day-old copy of a paper that we do not normally see in rural Pennsylvania, the tabloid New York *Daily News*. As we rode toward Connecticut, my wife said, "Here's something interesting, the first returns in the *Daily News* straw vote for New York. It's been pretty good in the past."

"Don't be worried about the first figures," I assured her. "It's a strongly Republican paper."

"These are nothing to worry about," she assured me. "It says here that, on the basis of the first returns, Kennedy leads 51.1 to 48.9."

"What's happened," I explained carefully, "is that the editors have published only the New York City figures so that tomorrow when the upstate figures come in heavily Republican, they'll be able to headline a big swing to Nixon."

"Very interesting, but these are mostly upstate figures."

"They're what?" I bellowed. I pulled off to the side of the road, and there I saw for myself that the first upstate figures, from traditionally Republican strongholds, showed that Kennedy not only had hacked President Eisenhower's lead of 1952 and 1956, but was actually ahead.

THE third event that reassured me concerning Kennedy's chances was of an intellectual nature and of tremendous significance. An elderly lady who attended many of my speeches warned me one evening, "They're going to murder you tonight, Michener. So I thought you might be able to use this."

"What is it?" I asked, as she rummaged through her handbag.

"A newspaper article," she replied. "To me, it seems significant. May turn out to be just the ammunition you need." She passed the crumpled newspaper clipping to me, then winked and said, "My God, it's exciting to be a Democrat."

I stopped backstage to study what my partisan had given me. It was the most important single piece of writing that was published during the campaign, a column by Walter Lippmann in which he carefully analyzed Vice-President Nixon's proposals for dealing with foreign affairs. In sharp comment, Lippmann quite demolished the emptiness and the pretentiousness of this plan, and then added three gratuitous paragraphs that were the most damning comments made against the Republicans during the election:

> This revealing speech confirms the impression that has grown stronger since the TV debates began. It is that Mr. Nixon is an indecisive man who lacks that inner conviction and self-confidence which are the mark of the natural leader and governor of men.
>
> This has appeared most clearly in the Quemoy-Matsu affair. Mr. Nixon has exhibited a lack of knowledge of the facts of a great question of war and peace, about which he is supposed to have had firsthand knowledge. In the second debate, he did not know what the Eisenhower policy was, and he had to be re-educated for the third debate. This is most significant because it reveals such a weak, infirm, inaccurate grasp of a great issue.
>
> The contrast with Mr. Kennedy has become very sharp. It has been truly impressive to see the precision of Mr. Kennedy's mind, his immense command of the facts, his instinct for the crucial point, his singular lack of demagoguery and sloganeering, his intense concern and interest in the subject itself, the stability and steadfastness of his nerves and his coolness and his courage. And through it all have transpired the recognizable marks of the man who, besides being highly trained, is a natural leader, organizer and ruler of men.

These Lippmann paragraphs had a profound effect on my county, for they made intellectually respectable the claims that many of us had been making, with only personal judgment to support them.

In the course of the campaign, I developed no antagonism whatever to Nixon. In fact, my wife kept heckling me on the long rides home with the persistent question: "Why do you continue to speak well of the enemy?" I snapped, "I happen to think that Richard Nixon is a pretty good candidate, and if he wins on November 8, I'm not going to cut my throat. The nation will be in fairly good hands."

This bland attitude terminated on October 13, when, during the

"demolished Nixon"

third debate, one of the interrogators asked Kennedy what seemed to me a perfunctory question: "The chairman of the Republican National Committee, Sen. Thruston Morton, declared earlier this week that you owed Vice-President Nixon and the Republican party a public apology for some strong charges made by former President Harry Truman, who bluntly suggested where the Vice-President and the Republican party could go. Do you feel that you owe the Vice-President an apology?"

Kennedy's answer was not brilliant, but it was noteworthy for providing the only flash of humor during the campaign. He said, "Well, I must say that Mr. Truman has his methods of expressing things. He's been in politics for fifty years. He's been President of the United States. They are not my style. But I really don't think there's anything that I could say to President Truman that's going to cause him, at the age of seventy-six, to change his particular speaking manner. Perhaps Mrs. Truman can, but I don't think I can. I'll just have to tell Mr. Morton that. If you'd pass that message on to him."

The cameras then turned to Nixon for what I expected to be a routine additional comment. To my astonishment, I heard him state: "We all have tempers. I have one. I'm sure Senator Kennedy has one. But when a man's President of the United States . . . he has an obligation not to lose his temper in public.

"One thing I've noted as I've traveled around the country are the tremendous number of children who come out to see the Presidential candidates. I see mothers holding their babies up so they can see a man who might be President of the United States. . . . It makes you realize that whoever is President is going to be a man that all the children of America will either look up to or will look down to.

"And I can only say that I'm very proud that President Eisenhower restored dignity and decency and, frankly, good language to the conduct of the President of the United States.

"And I only hope that, should I win this election, I could approach President Eisenhower in maintaining the dignity of the office, in seeing to it that whenever any mother or father talks to his child, he can look at the man in the White House and, whatever he may think of his policies, he will say, 'There's a man who maintains the kind of standards personally that I would want my child to follow.' "

When this little sermon ended, I jumped from my chair and was mad for the second time in the campaign, the first having been at a meeting when my party was accused of being pro-Communist. It seemed to me then, as it does now, incredible that a grown man running for the Presidency in the crucial year of 1960 should seriously put forth as one of his major qualifications the fact that he wanted to be an image toward which children could look with reverence while their mothers beamed. Suddenly, the whole shabby performance of the last eight years hit me

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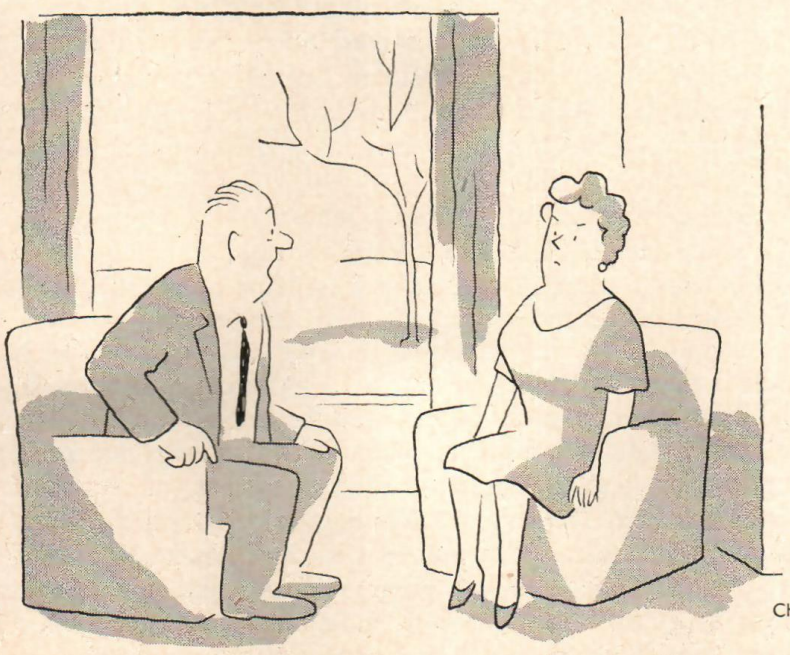

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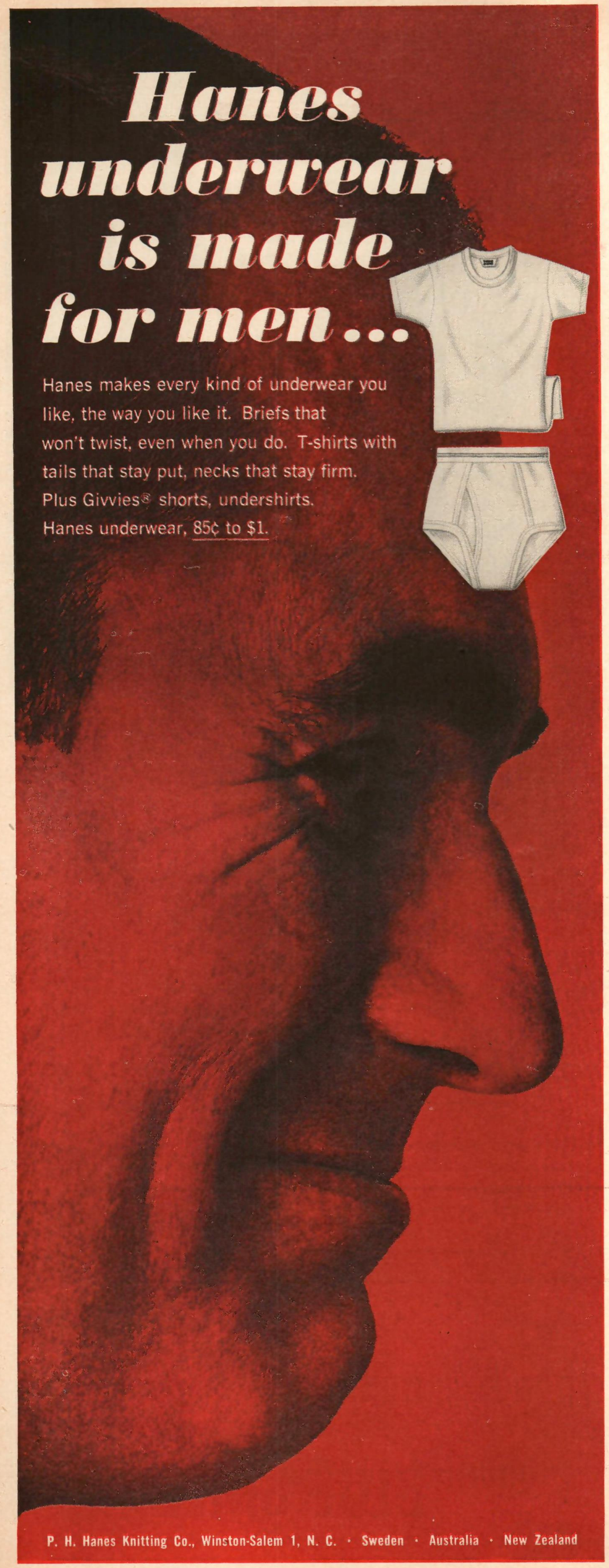
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Nixon denounced

in the face: the postures in place of the performance; the father image in place of a political leader; the bland reassurances instead of the hard dichotomies; the proliferating clichés in place of the truth. From that moment on, I was totally dedicated to the defeat of Richard Nixon as well as to the election of John Kennedy.

As I have said, I did not dislike Nixon the man, nor did I ever inveigh against him. I even felt that the worst charges brought against him by the Democrats—his campaigning against Jerry Voorhis and Helen Gahagan Douglas—were in a sense irrelevant in that the essence of his charges lay within the bounds of conventional political procedure. But it was too much for a serious candidate to keep on offering such patent nonsense to the American people as the claim that President Eisenhower never swore in the White House, whereas it was widely known that both he and Nixon had normal, strong vocabularies, which Nixon exercised after the third debate had ended. It exemplified, I thought, the transparent weakness of Nixon insofar as intellectual capacity was concerned. For him to say what he did was ridiculous, but for him to think of offering it as a reason for voting Republican was horrifying.

I was so agitated by this extraordinary performance that I said, before he finished his sentimental oration, "Five million people right now are going to say, 'That nonsense reminds me of Checkers.' " In the days that followed, I met dozens of people who said, "I was for Nixon up to the time he gave that little sermon on profanity. When he was speaking his sanctimonious little essay, all I could think of was Checkers. And that did it."

IN THE campaigning that our group did, everyone followed our one inviolable rule: No one, even by implication, should cast any aspersion on Eisenhower, because we knew that the American electorate hungered for him as in the past. Since Senator Kennedy had apparently set for himself the same rule, we witnessed the strange spectacle of an election in which the Democrats damned almost all aspects of the last eight years, in which they paraded the dreadful inefficiencies of an incumbency, in which they pinpointed the errors, the oversights, the lack of resolution and the downright frumpiness of an administration, without ever identifying the man who was largely to blame. I think that historians will have a great deal to say about this phenomenon.

I cannot speak for the others, but for myself, I followed this course because I knew that if I did otherwise I would alienate a good 80 per cent of my listeners and would lose votes rather than gain them. I could persuade people that our posture overseas was in perilous condition—and I did so persuade them, for many Republicans told me so—but no oratory that I or Cicero possessed could have convinced my listeners that President Eisenhower ought to bear any of the blame for this deterioration.

It is already obvious that historians will deal harshly with Dwight D. Eisenhower's incumbency, for both the concept of the Presidency and the stature of the nation were depreciated in his hands; yet when the last word is written, there will remain that incontrovertible spectacle of an engaging man whom the people loved and were willing to forgive for anything. Even when groups of hard-shell Democrats who knew the facts gathered in the secrecy of their homes, no one dared discuss the overriding fact of the election: If President Eisenhower wanted to, and if he were willing to do the necessary hard work, he could still stampede the voters to Nixon. This was the sword of Damocles that hung over our heads throughout the campaign.

In mid-October, I felt, "This is where Ike steps in to knock Jack Kennedy out." He did not do so. In late October, I said, "They were wise to hold Ike back until the last three weeks. Now we get it." For some reason that I will never understand, the President made no move. Then he toured the country on his "nonpolitical" tour and, instead of looking fiery, he looked transparent. On the first of November, I told my helpers, "I think he has waited too long. I don't think he can capture the nation now."

When he finally did speak, he was enormously impressive, and I grew apprehensive that perhaps it was not too late after all and that he might still stampede the voters. I wondered how Kennedy would combat the Presidential attack and watched with admiration when the Senator ignored everything Eisenhower had said and directed attention to the ridiculous figure of the little boy Richard Nixon calling in panic for help from his father. To a large extent, the potential force of the Eisenhower

profanity, then used it

thrust was thus neatly diverted. What should have been a master stroke was interpreted by the public as panic.

In the waning days of the campaign, I was invited by headquarters in Washington to participate in a barnstorming tour of areas where the Kennedy candidacy was in serious trouble. For me, the major surprise of the trip was the Kennedy girls, those slim, beautiful, well-groomed creatures who moved gracefully on stage, made their little speeches and quite bedazzled everybody. They were potent campaigners and lent our whole operation a class it could not otherwise have attained. People wanted to see them, hoping, I suspect, that they would prove to be harpies whom they could dislike, but when they found them to be normal, good-looking young American married women, the audiences took them to their hearts. The girls were amazing workers, appearing at three to six meetings each day, dispensing charm and warmth at the same time.

On our barnstorming tour, the Senator's sisters did not travel with us, but drifted into our operation as their own schedules permitted. We would walk on stage, and there, mysteriously, would be one of the Kennedy girls, who had flown in from another direction and who as soon as we were finished would fly away. They always found time to shake hands with everyone in the hall, if that was practicable. I know from my own experience that they helped their brother enormously.

The sisters-in-law operated differently, for they became a formal part of our troupe and traveled with us. Teddy's wife Joan was great fun aboard the plane, with a rowdy sense of humor.

Joan Kennedy was by far the best speaker of the Kennedy women. One local chairman, who was obviously struck by the quality of her words, asked us, "Does the Kennedy family have a casting bureau where they try out girls before the sons are allowed to marry them?"

But it was to sister-in-law Ethel, Bobby Kennedy's pert little wife, that I quite lost my heart. We did not begin well. After one of my better speeches, Ethel took me aside and said bluntly, "I thought you made a grave mistake tonight, Mr. Michener."

I thought, "Who the hell is this dame to lecture me?"

"What I mean is," she forged ahead, "when you tell the story of Brother Joe's being shot down and killed during the war. . . ."

"It's one of the most effective ways to combat charges about Democrats' being soft on communism," I snapped rather gruffly.

"I know that," she interrupted impatiently. "But why is it necessary to say that he was killed while he was bombing Germany? This area has lots of Germans. Why not just say, 'Joe was killed in the war'?" I had

continued

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"Look! Democrats in a

never thought of this, and the more I traveled with Ethel Kennedy, the more perceptive I found her. She is one of the most politically sophisticated women I have ever known.

In Boise, Idaho, our plane blew a tire. Our local hosts, with ill-advised generosity, said, "You can eat here while they fix the tire. We'll take you to the country club."

They led our motorcade to a lovely spot where the Republican women's club of Boise was having a bridge luncheon.

We filed into the club to find that word of our Democratic affiliation had preceded us, for we were met by two rows of attractive women in Nixon hats, jeering at us. I took this to be a standard kind of American horseplay and fell into line by going up to an elderly lady who was waving a Republican flag, and saying, "That Nixon hat looks real cute on you, ma'am." As I started to speak, she withdrew as if I were contaminated and cried in a hoarse whisper, "Don't come near me, you Democrat!"

I interpreted this as further horseplay and said, "After the election, you come to my club, and we'll split a beer," but again she drew back among her friends and exclaimed, "Look at them! Democrats in a decent club!" I then realized to my astonishment that this kindly lady meant what she was saying, and that our group *was* contaminating hers.

We sat down in ugly silence while the women stared at us. I said to Stan Musial and Jeff Chandler, who are certainly not repugnant in appearance, "Let's apologize to these women for having broken up their party."

From table to table we moved, and I shall never forget the look of honest hatred that greeted us at some of the groups. Three times, women drew back from us and called out to their associates, "They're the ones who are going to take it away from us."

We retreated from the tables and ate our meal in embarrassed silence. My back was to the door, so I didn't see the next incident when it began, but I heard a loud cry from the bridge players and looked over my shoulder to see a waitress coming into the room bearing across her chest the biggest Kennedy banner I had seen that day. She had on a Kennedy hat, a Kennedy button and carried a Kennedy pennant. "Oh, no, Edna!" the women cried. "You're not a Democrat, are you?"

She paraded in silence through the crowd, then came to me and said, "I apologize for the way you were treated."

I said, "If you get fired, let us know. We'll get you a job training marines. They need characters with guts." She completed her parade and left the room. When it came time for us to leave, Jane Wheeler and I walked through the tables to quiet the fears of the bridge players, but again they drew back from us and muttered, "They're the ones who are going to take it away from us."

When we got back on the plane, we were a very subdued group. Among us were some people of wealth, some of distinction in various fields and many with conservative economic principles. It shocked us to think that we were being held up as the contaminators of America, the subversives, the revolutionaries, the idiot fringe.

Every district in which I campaigned with the barnstormers and those where I spoke alone went Republican on November 8. In fact, there exists good reason for calling me the Typhoid Mary of the 1960 campaign. Where I went, disaster struck.

In Bucks County, 125,670 voters went to the polls and supported Vice-President Nixon by a score of 67,501 to 57,177, giving him 54 per cent of the vote and a majority of more than 10,000. Five resolute citizens wrote in their votes for Adlai Stevenson, and one backed Barry Goldwater. By a clear-cut majority, we lost the battle for Bucks County.

And yet, something extraordinary happened in this crucial county. To understand what it was that took place, let us consider the norm established by five major Pennsylvania counties that, like Bucks, had large German religious groups that were vigorously anti-Catholic as an inherited principle. In 1956, during the Eisenhower landslide, Adams, Berks, Lancaster, Lebanon and York counties voted Republican by the biggest majority recorded in recent decades—84,949. In 1960, when, across the nation, the Republicans fared more poorly by 10,000,000 votes than in 1956, these counties raised their Republican margin to 89,605.

But in equally German Bucks County, the results were different. In the Eisenhower sweep of 1956, Bucks had voted Republican by 59,862 to 38,541, a majority of more than 21,000 votes. In 1960, revers-

decent club!" she said

ing the trend established by the five German counties, we cut the Republican majority in half, to 10,000. This meant that the majorities built up by Kennedy in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh were not diminished by the number of Republican votes that were expected from Bucks and similar counties. On his big-city majorities, Kennedy was thus able to win the state.

As for the religious question, careful study of available records leads me to this analysis of its effect in the 1960 election:

1. In central and northern Bucks County, Kennedy's Catholicism cost him not less than 4,500 votes, represented by Democrats who switched to Nixon and by Republicans who might otherwise have been won over to the Kennedy banner. This resulted in a swing of 9,000 votes.

2. In suburbia, there were two distinct and measurable effects: In the town of Bristol, which has Catholic concentrations, Kennedy's Catholicism enabled him to pick up some votes he might not otherwise have been expected to win. But in the expensive sections of Levittown, he undoubtedly lost, for the same reason, approximately the same number.

3. If these figures are correct, then, had there been no religious issue involved, Nixon would have carried Bucks County by about 1,000 votes, instead of the 10,000 by which he did carry it. Thus Kennedy's Catholicism cost him a 9,000-vote differential in Bucks County.

4. However, it seems probable that vicious attacks made upon the Catholic Church directly influenced Catholics in Philadelphia, where unprecedented Democratic majorities were rolled up. Before November 8, the realistic hope was for a Kennedy majority of 250,000 in Philadelphia. The actual majority was 331,000. Of this, about 95,000 can be attributed to unexpectedly vigorous Catholic voting. Identical factors operated in Pittsburgh, where the Kennedy majority was 110,000.

5. Nevertheless, if Kennedy had not been a Catholic, he would probably have won Pennsylvania by a substantially bigger margin than he actually did. On balance, the religious issue hurt the Democrats grievously.

6. Across the nation, the same relationships prevailed. If Kennedy had not been a Catholic, it seems likely that he would have gained not less than 53.5 per cent of the total vote. [This would have given Kennedy a majority of almost 5,000,000 over Nixon and an electoral vote of about 400.] That he won at all in the face of the religious odds that faced him indicated a political triumph of enormous proportions.

It was ironic that some of the largest concentrations of Catholics

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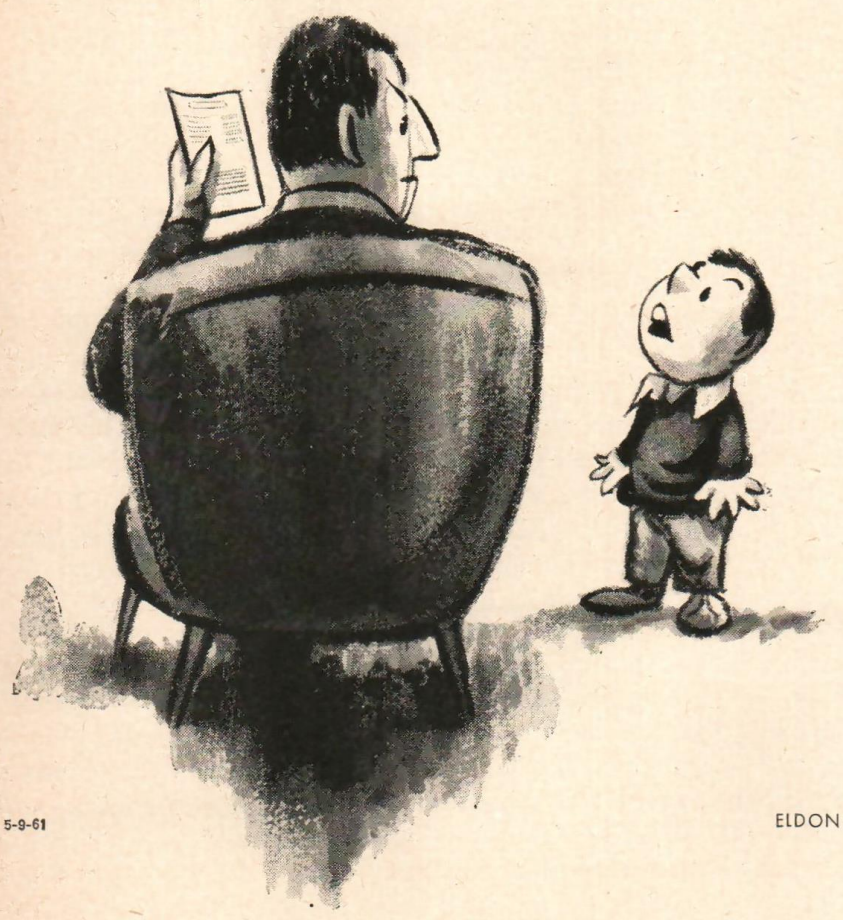

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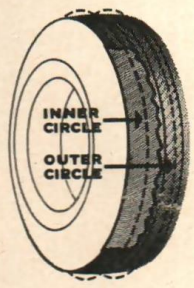

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"Rockefeller would have won 53 p.c. of the vote."

happened to be in the largest cities of the states having the largest electoral vote. That this demographic accident enabled the Democrats to win seems obvious, but it must not obscure the deeper truth that, if the religious issue had not beclouded the election in the first place, the Democrats would have won by a much wider margin.

The vote in suburbia was reassuring. Levittown as a whole, instead of repeating the 51 per cent advantage it had given President Eisenhower in 1956, gave Kennedy 58 per cent of the votes.

One of the greatest surprises of the 1955-60 period in the bigger suburbias was the discovery that a community might have enough vital Democrats with reasonably good table manners so that one could vote for John Kennedy, retain interesting friends and still feel as if one were part of a socially acceptable world. Not a little of the credit for this transformation of thinking habits must be accorded to the amazing Kennedy girls, who toured suburbia wearing chic outfits, well-manicured nails and flashing white smiles. Somehow, the class of the Kennedy girls rubbed off onto the Democratic party, and, in suburbia, it once more became fashionable to be a Democrat.

In Bucks County, we were still of the opinion that the Republicans should have won the national election. To us, it seemed as if they had had every initial advantage. The country was at peace; there was reasonable prosperity; their party already held the Presidency; there was a general aura of satisfaction with the manner in which President Eisenhower had operated; an overwhelming percentage of the press favored the Republicans; they could afford more radio and television time; the twists and turns of foreign affairs seemed likely to aid them and damage the Democrats; Senator Kennedy was relatively unknown, and he was a Catholic.

For Vice-President Nixon, starting with these advantages, to lose would require, we had felt, gross mismanagement. To our surprise, that mismanagement was forthcoming.

It is obvious that, under even the most adverse conditions, Kennedy would have made a gallant effort, but if the Republicans had been on their toes, his effort would have remained no more than a commendable try. I do not believe that Kennedy won; I believe that Nixon lost. There were a number of contributing factors to the Republican defeat.

THE enormous prestige of President Eisenhower was not utilized constructively. If he had gone on television four or five times during the campaign to deny categorically one Kennedy position after another, he would surely have swayed many of the voters. If he had only stated early and unequivocally that he wanted Nixon to win, he could well have achieved that effect.

In the postelection period, numerous news stories have been circulated to the effect that Eisenhower was deeply distressed at the Democratic victory, and he has belatedly said that he had wanted Nixon to win in 1960 and that he hoped the Vice-President would run again in 1964. I can only say, as a worker in the political vineyard, that Eisenhower failed to convey that impression to the public during the campaign. When, late in the campaign, he did make strong statements in favor of his candidate, Democrats and Republicans alike interpreted his remarks as those of a man who had been grudgingly maneuvered into the inevitable. It is curious that the man who could have swung the election in October actually damaged his candidate when he spoke out for him too late in November. It seemed to all of us who followed these matters closely that Nixon was badly treated by his President.

It was symbolic that the single event that came closest to being the one vital accident of the campaign concerned Eisenhower. When the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., the Negro minister, was sentenced on October 25 in Decatur, Ga., to four months in prison on a charge of violating a probated traffic sentence, it was obvious to me that a critical moment had been reached in the election. At first glance, this was a situation that must work to the Democrats' disadvantage, for if Kennedy did nothing, he would lose Negro support in the North, and if he did something, he would alienate the South. On the other hand, the Republicans would surely gain if they made a strong statement pointing out that this was the sort of racial discrimination against which they had fought for eight years.

What happened is history. Intelligent Republican strategists, seeing a chance to torpedo the Democratic position, drafted a statement for President Eisenhower to deliver on television. It read: "It seems to me fundamentally unjust that a man who has peacefully attempted to establish his right to equal treatment, free from racial discrimination, should be imprisoned on an unrelated charge, in itself insignificant. Accordingly, I have asked the Attorney General to take all proper steps to join with Dr. Martin Luther King in an appropriate application for his release." For some reason, this striking statement, which could have won the Negroes of the North to Nixon, was never issued. The great, strong voice that should have spoken out and won the election remained silent.

On the other hand, John Kennedy took the risk and did the gallant thing. He decried the blatant abuse of a Negro's civil liberties and had the courage to phone King and say so. In doing this, he did not lose Georgia or South Carolina or Texas. Instead, he won the Negro vote in New York and Chicago and Philadelphia—and thus the Presidency.

The case of Nelson Rockefeller and his relationship to the Nixon campaign is difficult indeed to analyze. My guess is that he himself would have won not less than 53 per cent of the popular vote and probably around 390 electoral votes. He and his advisers knew this, and they probably suspected that Nixon could not win.

It was apparent that a victory for Nixon in 1960 would imply a re-election in 1964, so that the earliest date at which Governor Rockefeller could hope for the Republican nomination and the Presidency would be in 1968, when either his star might have faded or his age have become a deterrent. It was tempting, therefore, to adopt the Machiavellian theory that Rockefeller was conspiring to engineer a Nixon defeat in 1960 in order to make himself the logical nominee in 1964.

I never believed that Rockefeller did undercut the Nixon candidacy. The Governor campaigned in 50 of New York's 62 counties and spoke the astonishing number of 237 times, but the psychological damage of earlier coolness between Rockefeller and Nixon could not be repaired.

It seemed strange to me that the preconvention attacks on Kennedy by Johnson, Truman and Mrs. Roosevelt really counted for very little once the campaign got under way. They were discounted as the typical Democratic brawling that Americans expect of this vital party, and each of these initial opponents later did yeoman service during the campaign. But, on the Republican side, the philosophical antagonism expressed by Rockefeller was apparently neither forgotten nor forgiven.

The most perplexing enigma of the Republican defeat, however, was neither President Eisenhower nor Governor Rockefeller. The real mystery centered on the candidate himself, Richard Nixon. At least a hundred times during the campaign, I admitted, during question periods, "Mr. Nixon is obviously a much better man than he is allowing himself to appear in this campaign." Up until his sickening homily on swearing,

continued

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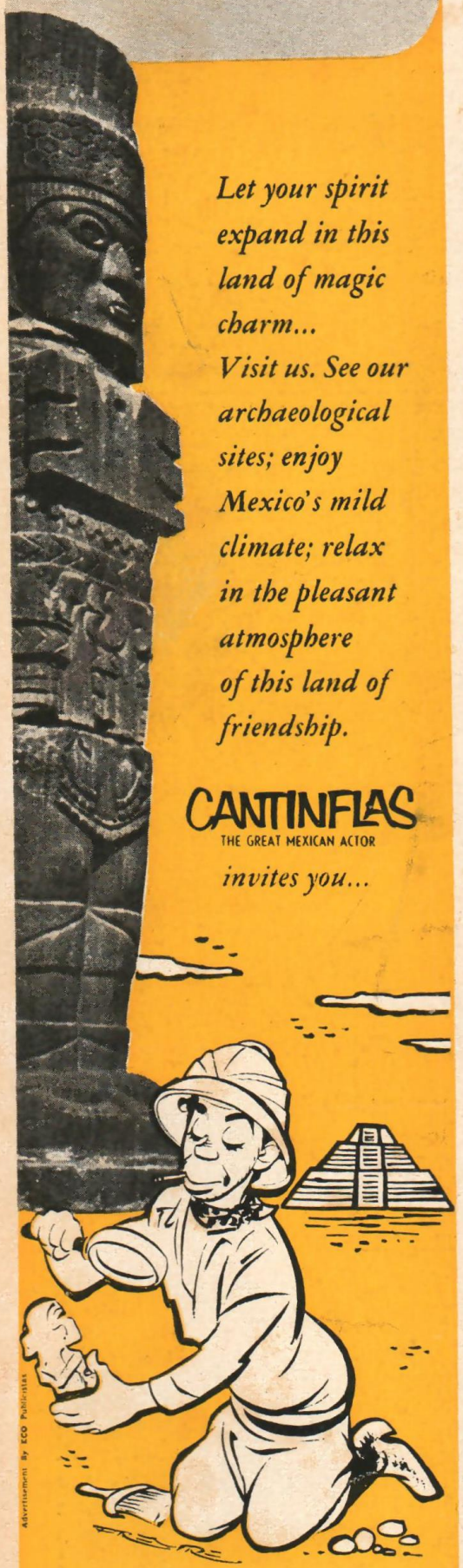

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I willingly told my audiences that I was quite satisfied that Nixon, if elected, would turn out to be one of our better Presidents, and I still believe he had the capacity to become such. But, in the campaign, he insisted upon parading all the less attractive aspects of his personality and his interpretation of the Presidency. Instead of being strong, he tried to be reassuring. Instead of showing an incisive mind, he seemed determined to side-step all major questions. Instead of uncovering the dedicated public servant, he appeared before us a man desperately groping for a prize. In him, there was no touch of burning inner conviction and no sense of the historical destiny of the moment.

Nixon is a much better man than he appeared in the autumn of 1960. How he was trapped into parading before us the shadowy image that he projected onto the TV screens, I do not know. His enemies insist, "What you saw was the real Richard Nixon, the man of sawdust." This I cannot believe. I suppose he was tricked by his advisers into assuming that what the American people wanted was a bland new father image, a man who never discussed unpleasant truths.

There remains the fact that the Republican party as such also failed to wage a very effective campaign. In Bucks County, where the Republicans defeated us, we were never impressed by the vigor of their effort. In New York and Connecticut, the Republicans also failed to mount that aggressive campaign that might have won. The fire that characterized their efforts in 1952 and 1956 was missing.

So far as I was concerned, the campaign could not have been more exciting, and I think that if, by some fiat, it had been extended for an additional week, I would have had to go into the hospital. For if it lacked the dazzling verbal fireworks that characterized former elections, if there was no commanding figure, if the drama of great events was missing, there was nevertheless, for me at least, a quiet drama of even greater significance. A new dimension was being given to American politics in the election of a man born in this vital century. A new meaning was being added to our democracy in the removal of one more disqualification for the Presidency. Religious bigotry was dealt a crushing blow.

In estimating the value of work done by people like me, I am unable to be very optimistic. Of those people who voted for the Democratic party in my county, I suspect that 75 per cent would have voted Democratic even if the ticket had been composed of Jack the Ripper and Aaron Burr. Of course, about 75 per cent of the Republicans would have supported the same ticket if it had represented their side. A critical 24 per cent were got to the polls solely by the efforts of the organized Democratic party, working under the leadership of longtime professionals. That leaves no more than one per cent who might have been influenced by the work of amateur outfits like Citizens for Kennedy.

The rewards seemed so very small that I often wondered why we were doing it, and then as I toured my magnificent county, I thought, "We're doing it because there is a nation to win." And I added, "You win a nation by convincing one man at a time."

My motives were made clear to me on the final Saturday night of the campaign, at the final rally in the Coliseum in New York. When Kennedy took his place before the microphones to address the nation in his last plea for votes, I remember looking at the back of his neck and seeing that he had what seemed to be a wart on the right-hand side, just above the collar. It seemed a curious thing to me that the most conspicuous thing about the future President of the United States, so far as I was then concerned, was that he had a bump on his neck. I thought, "Is this the man for whom so many of us knocked ourselves out? Why did we do it? I don't know him. I've spoken to him twice for a total of one minute, so I'm not even sure of what he thinks about really basic issues. He has nothing that I want, and I am in no way beholden to him. The fact is, I haven't been working for John F. Kennedy, the imperfect man. I've been working for myself and for my perfect vision of what the United States can one day become. The process of selecting a President is confused and exasperating, but, after much discussion, a crystallization sets in, and the people, in some mysterious way, conclude, 'He's the man.' This man comes to represent justice and equality and courage. It's very doubtful that the man about whom this crystallization begins ever had these attributes to begin with, but the nation decides that he embodies them, so pretty soon you're willing for him to be your President, and you're willing to work until your

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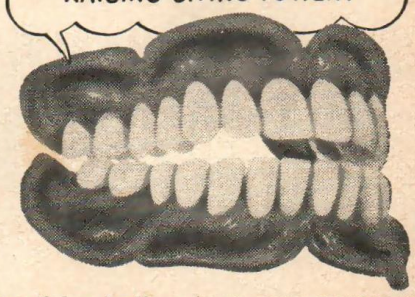

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"You're in, Jack."

voice is hoarse, because you know that if he doesn't mature into those virtues now, then they probably don't exist anywhere else in your nation."

Between where Kennedy was standing and where I was standing were most of the historic Democrats then living. Surrounding him were Mrs. Roosevelt and Averell Harriman and Abraham Ribicoff and James A. Farley and all the rest. After his speech, he turned from them and elbowed his way across the stage to throw his arms about the tall man standing next to me. "We needed you," he said twice. The big man embraced him in the French manner, too, and said, "You're in, Jack."

The man Kennedy embraced was Adam Clayton Powell, the Negro minister and congressman. In the days that were left in this 1960 campaign, Mrs. Roosevelt and Carmine De Sapio could help John Kennedy no more. Their work was done and appreciated. But Powell could still do a lot of work in Harlem, where the Negro vote was touch and go. And if Kennedy wanted to be elected President, he had better see to it that Powell did all the hard work he could in the remaining hours. As they embraced, I looked over Kennedy's shoulder and saw Johnson staring at the pair. I thought, "If there's any man here who understands exactly the significance of this extraordinary embrace, it's Lyndon Johnson."

Having greeted Powell, Kennedy now rejoined the great figures of the party, and the last roaring rally of the 1960 election ended.

I was proud of the manner in which John Kennedy went to see Richard Nixon immediately after the election and of the gracious way in which President Eisenhower put an end to talk of an eventual Republican victory by inviting the President-elect and his wife to inspect their new home, the White House; but I was even more gratified by a letter that I received from Boise, Idaho. It said:

"At the last meeting of the board of directors, it was reported that, prior to the last general election, you had several persons who were supporting the candidacy of Mr. Kennedy at a luncheon at the country club as your guests. It was also reported that certain ladies, some of whom were associate members and some of whom were wives of members, conducted themselves in an unladylike and rude manner, embarrassing both you and your guests. We have thoroughly investigated the matter, and the board has requested that I write to you expressing the board's sincere apologies for the conduct of the ladies."

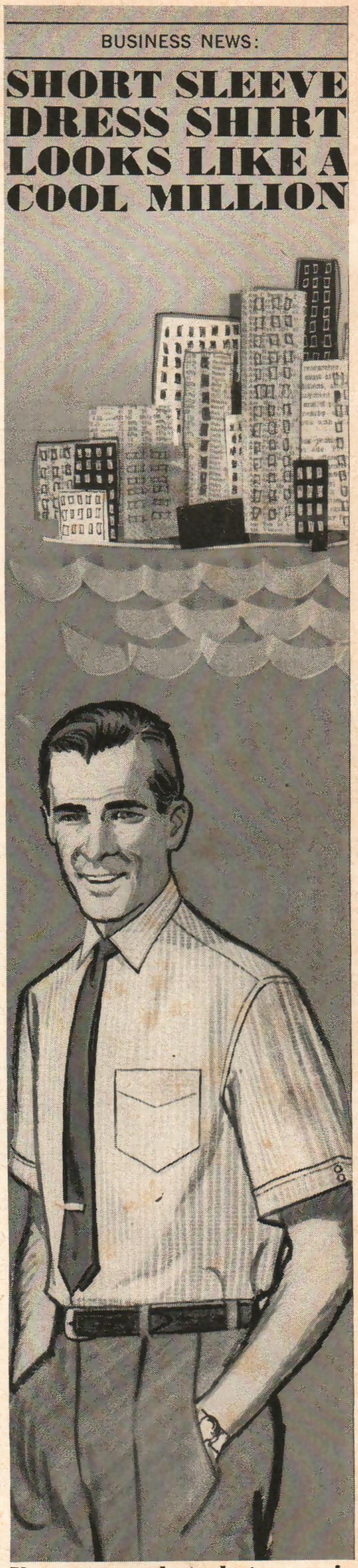
Such gestures of conciliation make the conduct of politics possible, and I am much indebted to this gentleman, for his gracious gesture stands in the fine tradition of political campaigning in our republic.

END

"What wine goes without dinner?"

BUSINESS NEWS:

SHORT SLEEVE DRESS SHIRT LOOKS LIKE A COOL MILLION



Your personal stock goes up in this breezy new shirt. Open-weave combed cotton with lustrous satin stripe—definitely wash and wear. Handsomely craft-tailored with medium-spread collar. Stays crisp and trim right through the day. Only $3.35 (3 for $10)

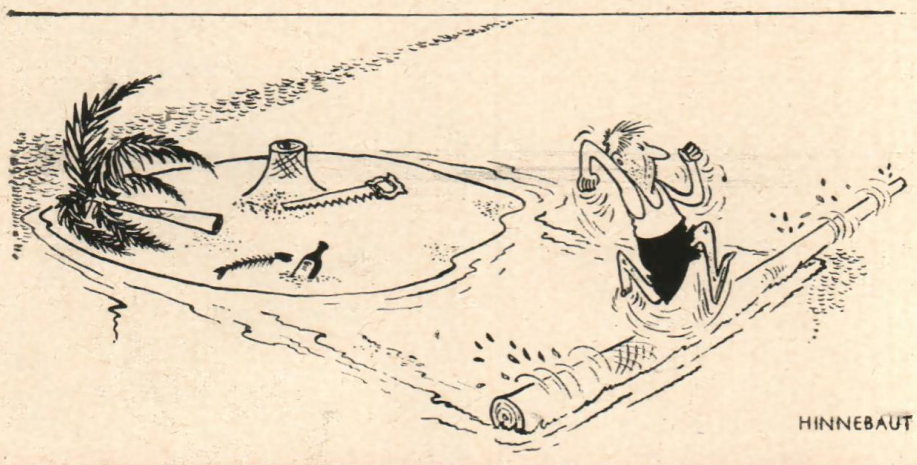
In other light fabrics—$2.99 to $4

Truval® shirts

350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1

LOOK ON THE Light Side

EDITED BY GURNEY WILLIAMS



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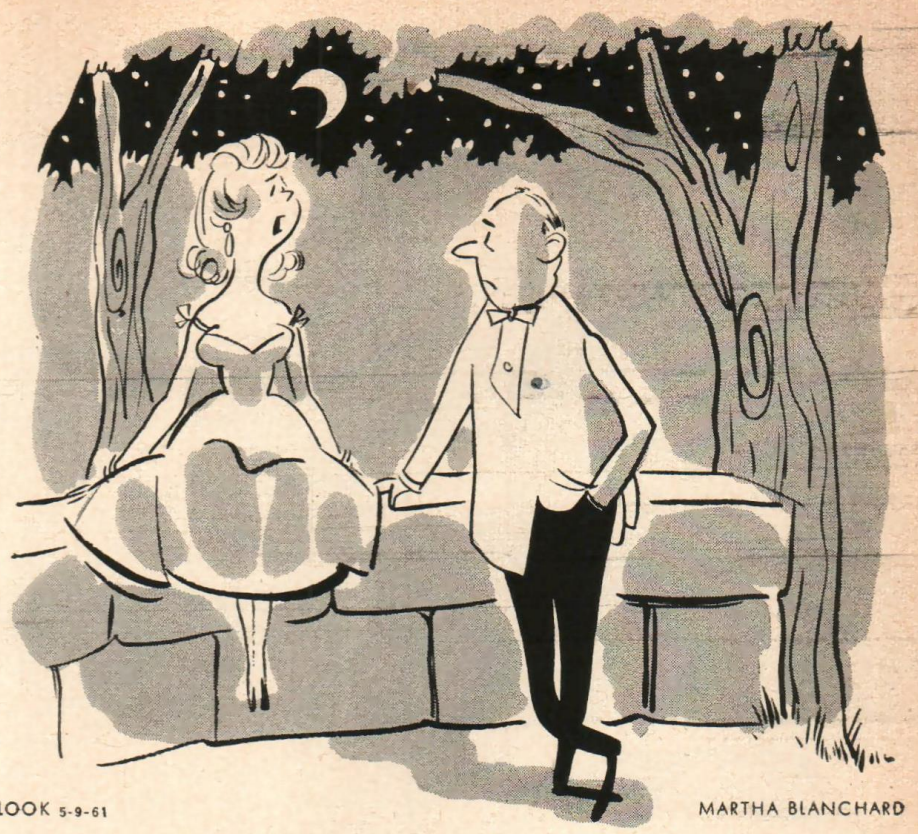


LOOK 5-9-61

MARTHA BLANCHARD

"But if you were twenty years younger, I'd be only three."

LOOK 5-9-61

PHIL INTERLANDI

"You've been with us five years, Thornberry. Isn't it about time you stopped thinking off the top of your head?"

Let's Get More Shakespeare Into the Conversation

"Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril" *(The Merry Wives of Windsor).*

"I'm glad you got those sneakers out of the living room!"

"Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth in strange eruptions" *(King Henry IV, Part I).*

"Junior has chicken pox."

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows" *(A Midsummer Night's Dream).*

"Let's float a loan and join the country club."

"Eating the bitter bread of banishment" *(King Richard II).*

"I sent him to his room."

"I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God his given you one face, and you make yourselves another" *(Hamlet).*

"You two girls, remove that purple eye shadow at once!"

"Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say good night till it be morrow" *(Romeo and Juliet).*

"Mommeeeeeeee! Can I have another glass of water?"

ISABEL FAULKNER

Fifth-Grade Essays

Subject: How did you celebrate your birthday this year?
My mother allowwed me to pick out a new party dress all by myself and chardge it. But we exchanged it the next day because she said I wasn't big enough for a strapless Formal. *Christine Tuthill*

I got a permenant that cost $15 not even counting the Hair Cut. *Carol Binkley*

I got to choose a slave for the whole day to do my every bidding. First, I chose my Mother, but she said, "Get a *new* slave. How about your father?" Well, I desided on my Sister. She deserved it. *Warren Strout*

First we had a Family Confrence, what shall we do on Barry's birthday? My little brother wanted to go to the circus and my mom wanted my dad to take us to the Club for dinner. My sister says, everybody give him records, then have a big party, all the kids dance. I wanted to go see "Siycho." What we did, my dad gave me $10 and we didn't do anything. *Barry Stone*

KAY NELSON

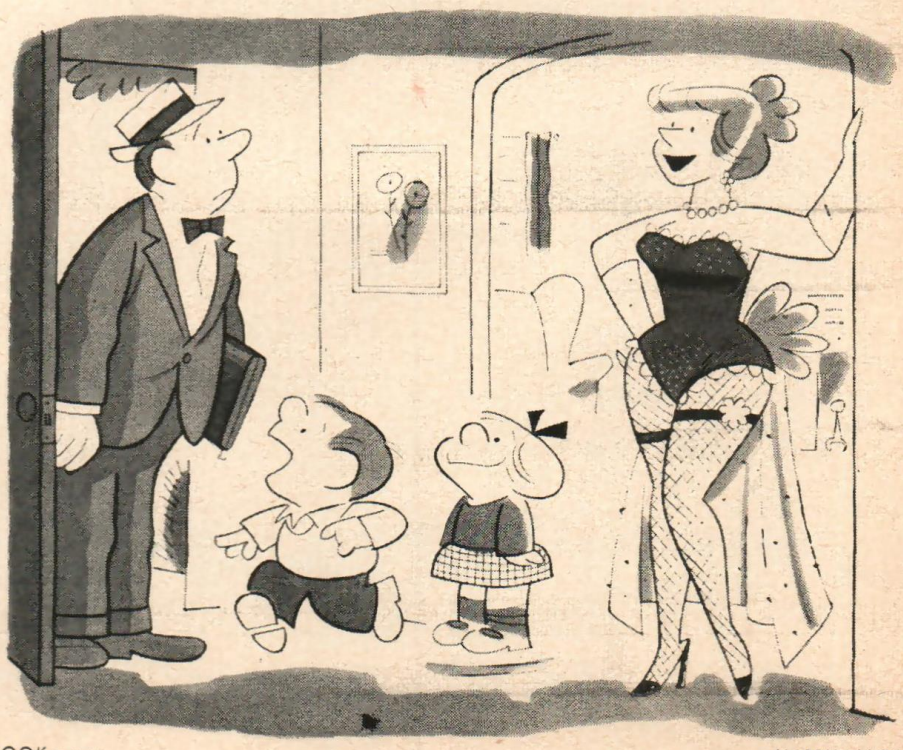
Loose Shoelace

Stoop and fix it,
Resume stride.
Now the other one
F e e l s u n t i e d !

RALPH REPPERT

Did you ever get the uncomfortable feeling that perhaps your gray hair isn't premature?

JIM HARGET



LOOK 5-9-61

HARRY MACE

"Guess who has the lead in the P.T.A. Spring Follies?"

OLD FORESTER

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original processes developed in the Brown-Forman laboratories. There is nothing better in the market.

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BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

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THE UNMISTAKABLE FLAVOR FULFILLS THE LABEL'S PROMISE:

"There is nothing better in the market"

BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF

LIGHT-HEARTED
86 PROOF

One of the most exciting women in the world, Meg Westergren, says:

"Pond's keeps my skin clear and smooth... melts away tired lines"

Pond's Cold Cream moisture-guards against tension lines and dryness as it leaves your skin pore-deep clean

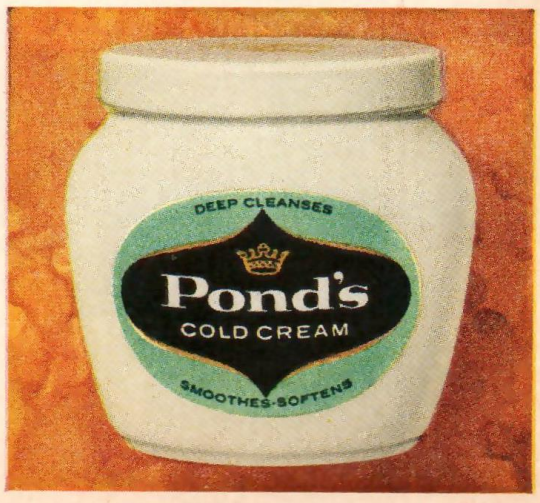
Cosmetic scientists say that no other kind of cleansing can clear your skin more thoroughly, more gently.

Pond's Cold Cream completely dissolves the little "plugs" of natural oil, dirt and makeup that accumulate each day and choke pore openings. This is the kind of stubborn, embedded grime that soap and water skip right over.

Unlike drying soap, Pond's actually builds up moisture in your skin! Sends its own potent moisturizers deep into sub-surface tissue . . . holds in the skin's own natural supply.

Hour after hour your skin draws on this vitalizing "moisture bank" to soften and smooth . . . to ease away tension lines . . . to capture and hold a lovely fresh, young glow.

Use Pond's to deep-cleanse at night, to moisture-guard under makeup all through your busiest day. With Pond's Cold Cream you need never be too busy to be beautiful!



Meg Westergren, Stockholm, elfin, exquisite—busy! As a popular actress, she spends long hours perfecting her sparkling performances. As a wife and mother, she shares vitally in the lives of her husband and two children . . . "I'm often tired, but I must never show it." She uses Pond's Cold Cream to deep-cleanse and moisturize . . . to ease away tension lines. "Pond's leaves my skin so clean, keeps it beautifully soft and smooth."

SHE'S BUSY...YET SHE'S BEAUTIFUL...SHE USES POND'S COLD CREAM

Tiny flying feet in a pair of brand-new shoes, and one-year-old Sarah Harbutt is off on the first independent adventure of her very young life.

Baby's first shoes

SARAH HARBUTT was a year old when her mother and her photographer father Charles Harbutt took her into a shop in New York's Greenwich Village to buy her first pair of shoes. Until then, Sarah had worn only soft woolen bootees or no shoes at all, which is what she really liked best. Sarah jiggled up and down on her mother's lap and curled her toes when the salesman measured her feet, but was otherwise very well behaved during the fitting. Riding home in her stroller, she chewed off a corner of the box containing her new high-topped white shoes and the miniature silk socks that went with them. Once there, she all too soon discovered that there is far more to her first pair of shoes than just the buying of them.

The world is full of wonder and delight for Sarah as she gazes wide-eyed at shoes for all kinds of feet in a shop window.

continued

After tears,

Cooing softly to herself, Sarah tries nobly to put on a sock. Failing, she hung it rakishly on her left ear.

It's all strange at first. Why wear shoes when feet feel so good without them? And then she starts to cry.

Sarah is allowed to play with her new shoes after finding out she can't eat them.

a triumph

With shoes on, Sarah hesitates. She gets assurance by running a small, chubby finger over her mother's shoe.

Such a little girl. And so much to learn. Her momentary confusion dissolves in her mother's warm embrace.

It's fun when you learn how

Now Sarah has discovered all the places she can run to and all the puddles she can walk through. Her first pair of shoes were the most important. Each new pair will take her down another path to adventure.

Photographed by CHARLES HARBUTT

END

As the hostess with the mostes' can openers, Alice Pearce carries appliance automation to its wildest extremes.

Flick-of-the-switch

CAN OPENERS

CAN OPENERS have long been the best friend of the working girl who cooks on the run, if at all. Now U. S. gadget ingenuity has come up with electric can openers, which demonstrate to even the incredulous that there is an easier way to do anything. As shown here, "modeled" by comedienne Alice Pearce, they vary in style. Yet all open cans in the same effortless way: You just put the can in place and flick the switch. Some have extras like clocks, timers and knife sharpeners. Their price range: $9 to $25. One can opener is even gold-plated, comes in a Florentine-leather box and costs a gemlike $100.

In a mink-lined mood, she opens a tiny tin of truffles on a gold-plated can opener with clock and timer additions.

Walter Mittylike, "pilot" Pearce puts her machine through a series of test maneuvers.

END

Up for
Grabs
This child—your child—will live under Communism. Mr. Khrushchev said so. He and Communists around the world are determined to destroy freedom and the free enterprise system for all Americans—as soon as possible./ It can happen without guns. The method is a continuous, systematic program of propaganda, infiltration and sabotage. You have watched it happen in Cuba. *Communist brain troopers are always on the move to capture hearts and minds.*/ Your defense is a steadfast belief in freedom and justice—the American Way of Life. You must maintain it, teach it, pass it on to succeeding generations.
Speak Up for Freedom!

You can speak up for freedom right now...

Your dollars are needed to help build the American Freedom Center at Valley Forge. You can speak up for freedom by contributing Freedom Bricks.

The Freedom Center will provide research and library facilities for all individuals, groups and organizations seeking to defend and interpret the free American system. It will house the award-winning materials of over one million entries in Freedoms Foundation's 11 annual National Awards Programs.

Freedoms Foundation was founded in 1949 to help maintain the American Way and pass it on intact to each generation. You can strike an effective blow *against communism* by joining Freedoms Foundation's FOR AMERICANISM program. The Foundation is nonprofit, nonpartisan, nonsectarian. Membership is open to all patriots. Dwight D. Eisenhower is Honorary Chairman.

FREEDOMS FOUNDATION
VALLEY FORGE, PA.

Yes, I want to help build The American Freedom Center. Here is $_____ for _____ Freedom Bricks at $1 per brick.

I am enclosing $_____ as an additional contribution to make me a member of Freedoms Foundation.

*Name*_____

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*City*_____ *Zone*____ *State*_____

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Metrecal™–now in delicious liquid form, ready to drink

Overweight impairs health and shortens life. Yet one out of two adults today is over his desirable weight. To help solve this problem of overweight, Metrecal brand dietary for weight control was developed. The measured calories of Metrecal provide, in one product, the means for effective weight control with sound nutrition and appetite satisfaction. And now Metrecal is available in unique liquid form, ready to drink. Its pleasant taste and texture have been achieved without sacrificing high protein content or essential unsaturated fats. Metrecal is the *established* product with *clinical proof* of safety and effectiveness. On the opposite page are the reasons why it is your most convenient way to lose weight. Individuals who are grossly overweight or have serious medical disorders should always have their physician's approval before undertaking a weight reducing program. It is, of course, wise for anyone contemplating weight reduction to consult his physician.

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Quality products from nutritional research

Tune in each Sunday for "WINSTON CHURCHILL: The Valiant Years" on ABC television.

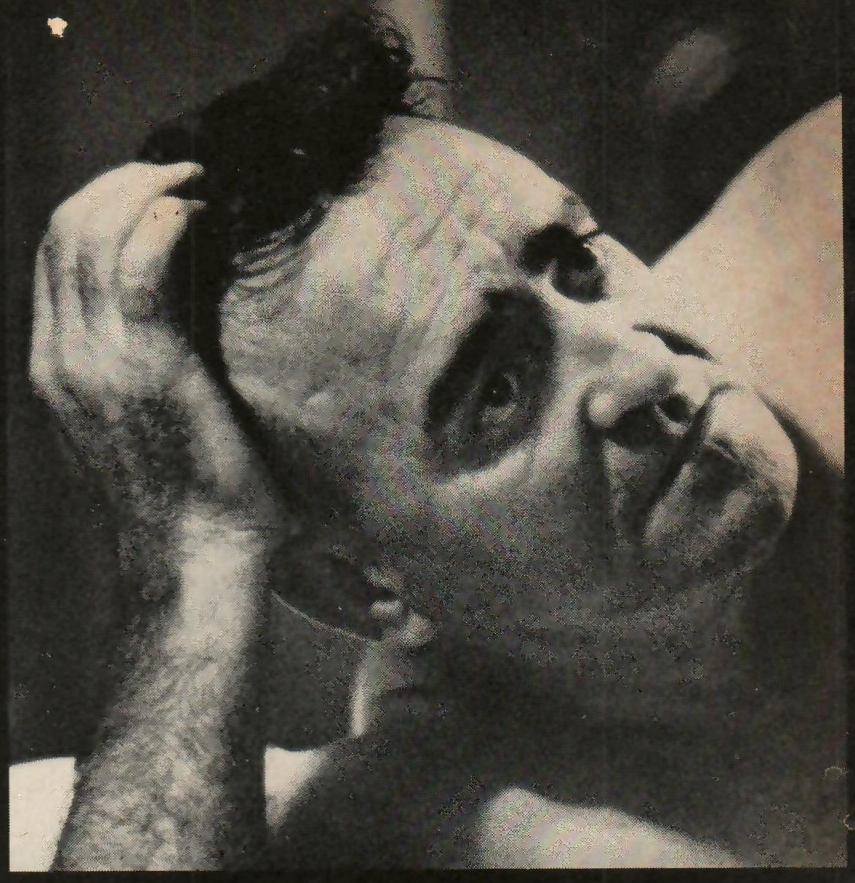
No refrigeration required. Most convenient way to lose weight safely and effectively. Although many people prefer it cold, new Metrecal liquid can be stored until opened without refrigeration. Even in your cupboard, there is no risk of spoilage or loss of vital nutrients.

Simply open the can . . . and you have a nutritionally sound, low-calorie meal, ready to drink. To help you lose weight rapidly, Metrecal may be used as your total daily diet. To reduce more gradually, or to maintain desired weight, it may be used for one or two meals a day.

Just pour . . . and drink. Metrecal liquid fits your way of life . . . can be used any time, anywhere. You lose weight safely and effectively because Metrecal helps you restrict calories while providing sound nutrition and appetite satisfaction. Its high protein content helps protect muscle tissue during weight loss.

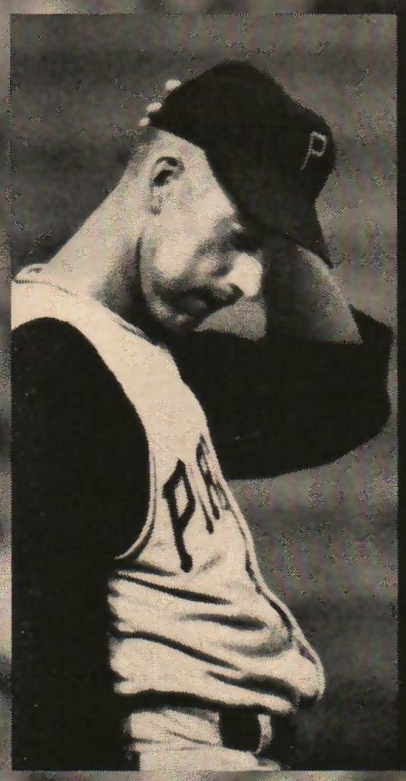
Delicious . . . by any standard. Each of the three flavors of new Metrecal liquid is pleasing in taste and texture *without sacrificing protein content or appetite satisfaction* . . . two reasons why Metrecal is the *established* product with clinically proven safety and effectiveness.

The dangerous world of



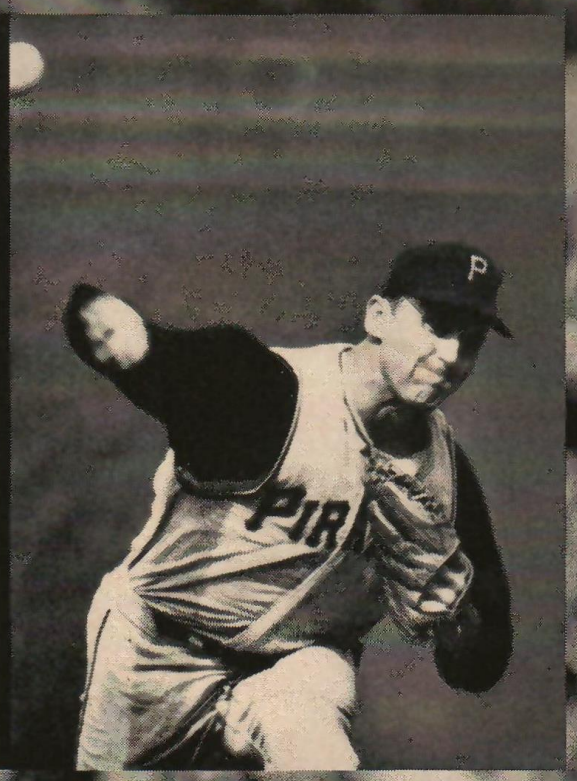
Uneasy lies the head of Daniel Edward Murtaugh, world-champion baseball manager, as a new ball season gets under way. His crew of Buccaneers scrambled ferociously to upset the old order last year. Now, beset by dangerous rivals in a stronger league, they must work even harder than before—if that is possible—to keep from being upset.

DANNY AND THE PIRATES



BATTERY'S ASSAULT

A crushproof pitching staff led by Vernon Law, shown here, rose to every occasion in 1960. Twice, the team tortured fans with four-game losing streaks; twice, Law won to stop the skid. Stocky Smoky Burgess, sharing catcher's job with Series homer hitter Hal Smith, hates to run, but always did for the good of the team. Below, he makes a typical Pirate plunge for home plate. This time, Burgess scored.



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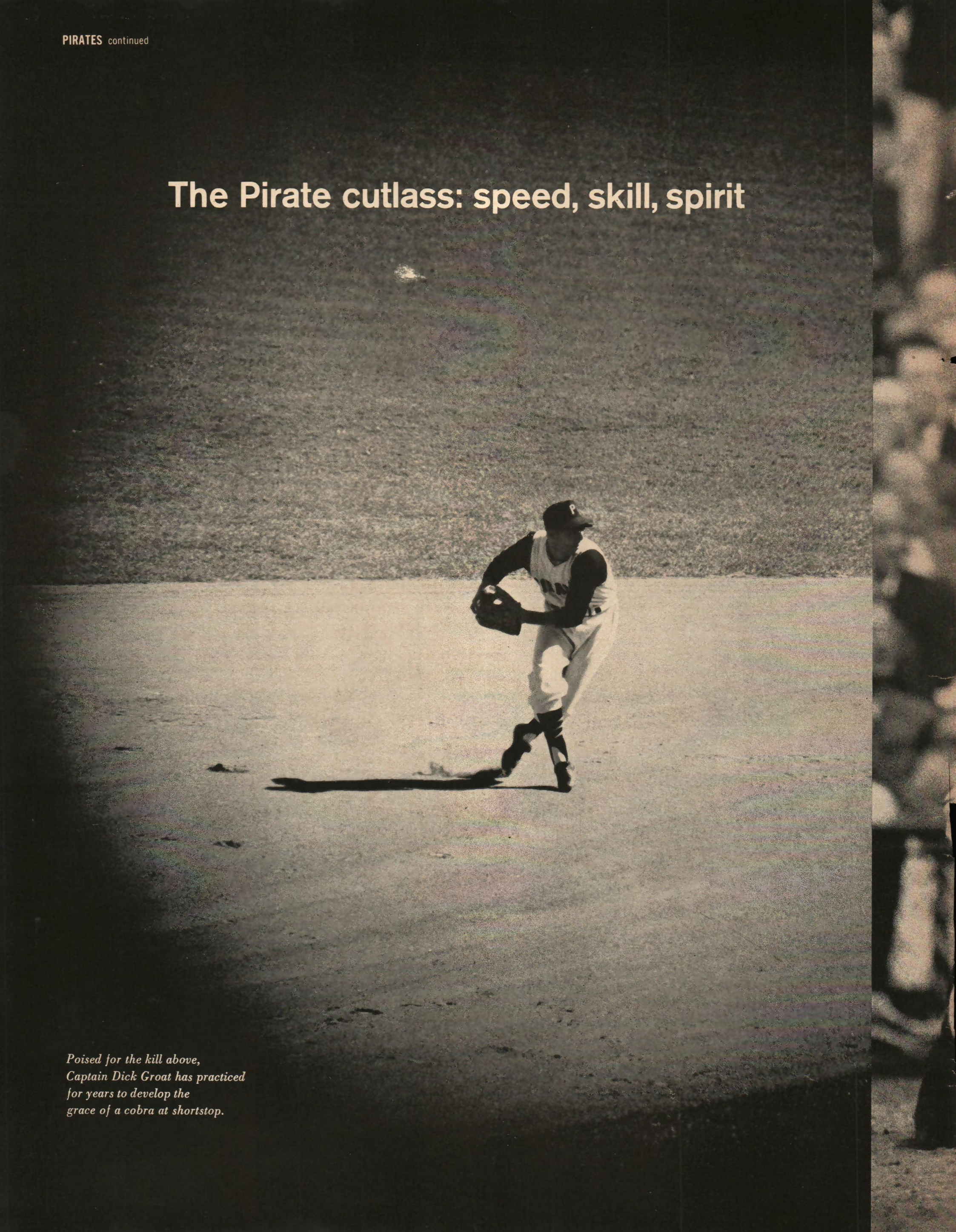
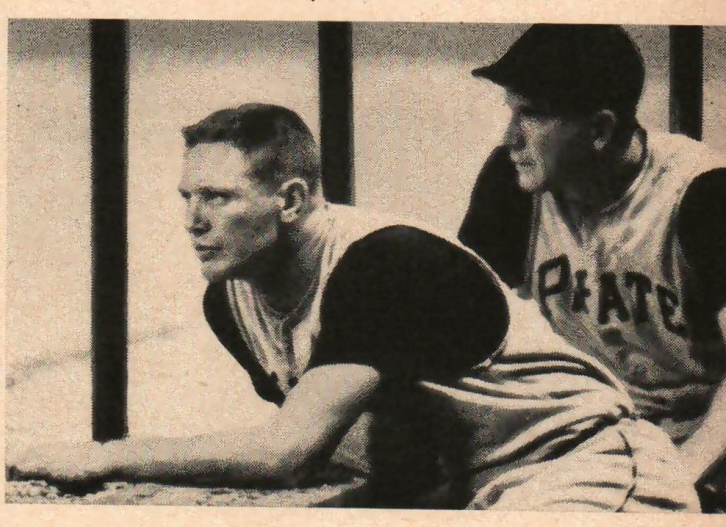
The Pirate cutlass: speed, skill, spirit



Poised for the kill above, Captain Dick Groat has practiced for years to develop the grace of a cobra at shortstop.

Third baseman Don Hoak (below, left) is a snarling whip cracker who keeps the club alert. In dugout with him is outfielder Bob Skinner.



One sunny day last August, the Pirates were in Chicago, beating the bumbling Cubs by three runs in the eighth inning. With two men on base, just one out, Bill Mazeroski at bat and a 6½-game lead over the rest of the National League, Murtaugh's men might naturally have relaxed. Instead, they tried a risky squeeze bunt. Sliding desperately, Gino Cimoli scored from third.

It was the hard way to get an insurance run—but clearly the Pirate way. The Bucs never take a game for granted. Inspiration comes in part from Dick Groat, who runs out each hit so grimly that he sometimes forgets to drop his bat (left). Of the dismal, not-so-distant past, when Pittsburgh's heroes normally finished seventh or eighth, Groat says, "We had desire in those seasons, too, but we didn't have the ability." Last year, the Pirates had enough ability to win by playing every game at fever heat. Specializing in late rallies, they repeatedly skirted disaster. Of 95 regular-season victories last year, 42 were decided by one or two runs.

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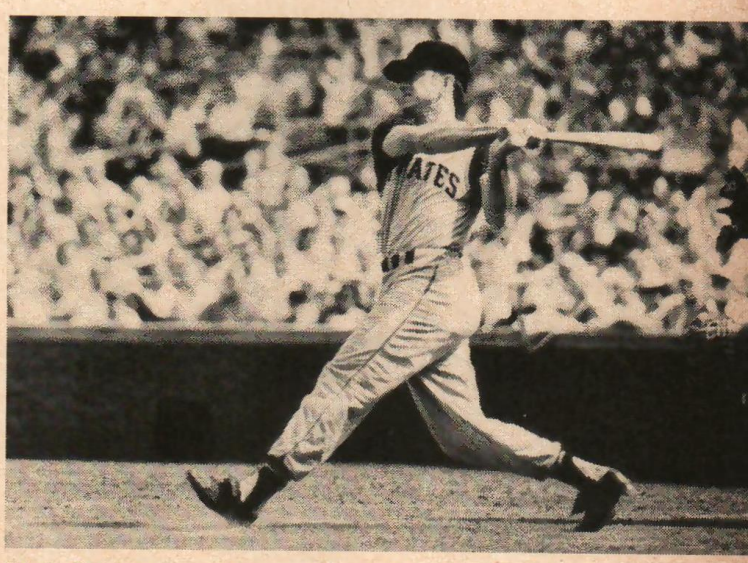


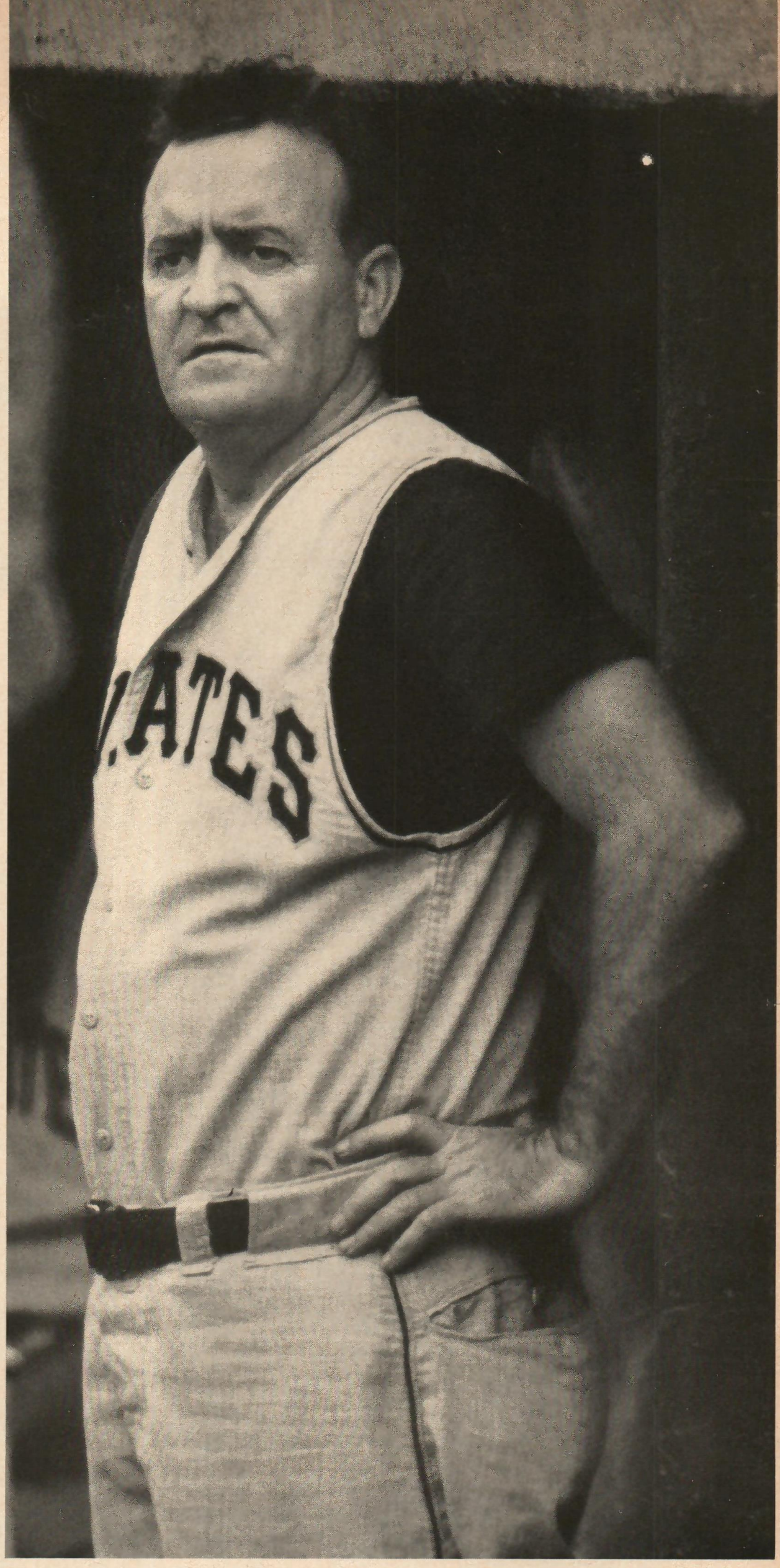
Dick Stuart, a mediocre first baseman, is team's top home-run producer. He hit 23 last year, including three in one game against the Giants.

Pep talks? No. "The boys take care of it themselves."

Pirate skipper Danny Murtaugh, whose scowl is worse than his growl, treats his athletes gently. He shuns loud complaints in favor of quiet advice. He never bothers his men with inspirational harangues, observing curtly that they "take care of it themselves." This is confidence, not cowardice. Murtaugh knows that two things made the Pirates champions last year: their lust for victory and a lucky combination of skill and health.

His confidence in the team's will to win again this year rests on a pair of lieutenants, Groat and Hoak. They act as a two-headed field general: Groat the quiet leader-by-example and Hoak the nettle who stings the club to action with profanity, praise, sheer noise. Hoak is a fanatic. He played the last seven weeks of the 1960 season with an eight-stitch gash in his right foot, hiding the cut for fear Murtaugh would take him out of the line-up—and he played brilliantly.

The spirit of the team, obviously, is great. The skill? Good, but not great; sufficient to win a pennant and World Series only when everyone, without exception, is hopped up and performing near the peak of his powers. Six front-line hitters batted above their lifetime averages last season, and the top pitchers rarely faltered. Also, except for Hoak's cut and a late-season wrist injury to Groat, no one was badly hurt. But when something goes wrong, as it did in the 16-3, 10-0 and 12-0 Series losses to New York, it goes very, very wrong. If just one of the elements—spirit, skill, or health—wavers this year, the Pirates will sink.



Irked by an error, Murtaugh suffers silently. In contrast to cautious "one-game-at-a-time" attitude of last year, he is confident his men will stay on top this season.

Skinner, Hoak, center fielder Bill Virdon and Groat slump wearily after loss to St. Louis. Convinced they are the best, Pirates are deeply offended by defeat.

Produced by JOHN POPPY Photographed by DOUGLAS KIRKLAND

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